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THE

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MY BONNY LADY.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Eve gave us her fair Daughters to restore
The Eden that their Mother lost of yore,
And where they smile it blooms forevermore.
They lead us through the Angel-guarded door,
And dearest of Eve's daughters dear is she
Who makes an Eden in my home for me,
My bonny lady.

No seeming beauty perilous to know,
Like dream of ripeness on the sour sloe,
But sweet to the true heart as summer fruit,
And sound and strong to love's most secret root;
A soul made human by its kindling life,
A woman ripened to the perfect wife!
My bonny lady.

She grows in graces as the flowers bloom,
Her robe of beauty wove in Heaven's loom:
She wears her jewels in her lips and eyes,
Diamond sparks, warm rubies, pearls of price!
And see what shapely sweetness may be shown,
Bright-budding from a simple morning gown!
My bonny lady.

Upon her dear brow is no hand of care
That binds the heavy burden souls must bear.
The dew of Childhood's Heaven yet lingering lies
Cool in the shadows of her morning eyes:
So may some spirit in its brightness wait
With welcome at the beautiful Heaven-gate.
My bonny lady.

Eyelids, once lifted with the kiss of Love,
Droop tender after, as the brooding dove;
Lips, when the bowl of joy is tasted, will
Hush its loud sound of laughter and be still.
Yet is she happy as the lark that sings,
Winnowing out the music with its wings.
My bonny lady.

Lo, how she bows with soft and settled Will
Over her babe in breathless tenderness
Her image that my Lily bends above
To mingle One in my heart's sea of love!
Thus hath she doubled love, and Love's caress,
With doubled blessing, doubled power to bless.
My bonny lady.

Her smile the sum of sweetness infinite,
Her neck a throne where many graces sit.
Like music of the soul her motion is,
But none can know the inner sanctities;
Outside they stand in wonder, I alone
Pass in to worship at the spirit throne.
My bonny lady.

Behold her in religious lustre stand
Clothed all in white and fit for spirit land,
Her thankful eyes uplift for angel food;
And you might worship her, so pure, so good,
For all thy beauty, all sweet shadowy grace,
Breaks into brightness through my Lady's face.
My bonny lady.

I think of her and mine eyes softly close
While all my heart with sweetness overflows;
Each breath it breathes is blessing unto me,
Some gracious balm and sweet as hidden myrrh
My rest, while toiling up the hill of life,
A half-way-house to Heaven, my noble Wife!
My bonny lady.

THE ALLEN HOUSE;

OR,

TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXV.

The first thing done, was to place the will on record; the next to give proper legal notice of its existence to the executors under the previous will, Judge Bigelow and Squire Floyd. Mr. Dewey, on the announcement of this discovery, unhesitatingly declared the paper a forgery; but the witnesses to the signature of Captain Allen were living, and ready to attest its genuineness. They remembered, very distinctly, the time when their names were appended to the document. It was only a year before the Captain's death. They were walking past the Allen House, when the old man called them in, and asked them to witness the signing of a paper. Of its contents they had no knowledge, as he did not make any communication on the subject. But he signed it in their presence, and their signatures showed this will to be the paper then executed.

Notwithstanding this, it came to our ears, that Mr. Dewey persisted in alleging fraud, forgery and the complicity of these witnesses. And from the manner of Judge Bigelow and Squire Floyd, in the first brief interview I had with them, it was plain that they were far from being satisfied that all was right. Their manner was that of men utterly confounded. If the property in question had been held by them as really their own, they could hardly have exhibited more feeling.

After the will was entered at the proper office, and thus made public, the following paragraph appeared in our "Weekly Star"—

"Remarkable Discovery of a Will.—A singular circumstance happened in our town last week, no less than the discovery of a new and more recent will of the late Captain Allen, by which all of his large property is devised to his sister and her heirs. It was found in a secret drawer, contained in an antiquated French Secretary, which Dr. ——— bought when the furniture of the Allen House was sold, previous to a renovation of the old mansion for the residence of Mr. Ralph Dewey. The late Mrs. Montgomery, who resided for a time at the Allen House, was sister to Captain Allen, and her daughter is now the wife of our townsman, Henry Wallingford, Esq. We congratulate the parties on the good fortune which has come to their door."

The marriage of Mr. Dewey took place within a month after the discovery of this will, and he brought his new wife to S———, installing her as mistress of the Allen House. She was a showy woman, past thirty, with a pair of brilliant black eyes, and a dark, rich complexion. Her long, thin nose, and delicate, but proudly arching lips, showed her to possess will and determination. It was the rumor in S———, that she brought her husband a considerable fortune. But she was not well received among us. The families of Judge Bigelow, and Joshua Kling, Cashier of the Clinton Bank, called immediately. Something later called the wives of two Directors in the Bank, and afterwards the wives of one or two citizens who had embarked some capital in the cotton mills. Beyond this, no advances were made towards an acquaintance with the new Mrs. Dewey.

It shocked my sensibilities, to see this woman dashing about through S——— in the elegant equipage once the pride of the now humbled daughter of Squire Floyd, who, since the divorce granted on her application, had lived in strict retirement in her father's house. The only time when she was seen abroad, was on the Sabbath, at church, with her two children. The oldest, a daughter, in her thirteenth year; and the youngest, a boy, ten years of age. The terrible ordeal passed through by this unhappy woman, had told upon her severely. In a year, she seemed to have lived ten. All the fine roundness of her face and person had given way, and she presented the appearance of one who had come out of a long and exhausting illness.

Constance made it a point of duty to visit her often. She found her states of mind exceedingly variable. Sometimes she was in patient, tranquil states, and sometimes she manifested great bitterness of spirit, complaining of man's cruel selfishness, and God's injustice. The marriage of Mr. Dewey disturbed her considerably. One day, not long after this event, Constance called to see her. She was in one of her darker moods; and all the comforting suggestions which my good wife could make, seemed to go for nothing. They were sitting near a window, overlooking the street, when Delia suddenly turned pale, and caught her breath. A carriage went sweeping by at the moment, drawn by two spirited horses.

"Is that the woman?" she exclaimed, as soon as she recovered herself.

"That is the woman," Constance replied.

Delia clutched her hands so tightly that her arms quivered and grew rigid, while her pale face darkened with an expression so like revenge, that Constance felt a shudder of fear in her heart.

"If my prayers for her are answered," said the excited woman, speaking through her closing teeth, "she will find that day the darkest in the calendar of her life, when she stepped in between me and my husband. I have only curses for her in my heart! Only curses!"

Constance, startled, and almost frightened by this wild burst of feeling, endeavored to soothe her; but the storm was too fierce to own the power of her gentle persuasions, and raged on for its brief season.

"I thought her mind had given way," said my wife, on relating what she had seen and heard. "It was fearful to look upon a human creature so terribly moved."

"The trial to her feelings must have been very great," I returned.

"But I thought the severe discipline through which she had passed, had chastened and subdued her," answered Constance. "I saw or believed that I saw, the beginnings of a new and true life in her soul. But over all this, passion has swept with its besom of destruction."

"The better states," I replied, "may not have been destroyed in this evil whirlwind. Such states, when once formed, usually retire and hide themselves until the storm has spent its fury."

"I pray that it may be so in this case," said Constance. "But from what I saw to-day, my fears are on the other side."

In the meantime, we were taking such steps as the responsibility of our position required, towards getting possession of the property which, under the will of Captain Allen, must come into our hands. My co-executor, Mr. James Wilkinson, a merchant of S———, was for adopting the most summary proceedings. He was annoyed at the questions, doubts, and delays which Judge Bigelow and Squire Floyd permitted to intervene; and more especially by the intermeddling of Dewey, towards whom, from some cause, he entertained hostile feeling.

As a matter of course, we were guided in all our movements by Mr. Wallingford. At the earliest term of court, we brought forward the claim of Mrs. Wallingford, under the last will and testament of her uncle. A feeble effort was made to throw doubt upon the genuiness of the document, but the oath of the witnesses to the signature of Captain Allen, settled the question beyond the reach of cavil, and the executors under the first will were ordered to transfer, by a certain date, all property belonging to the estate into our hands.

I saw plainly enough from the beginning, that the idea of giving an account of their stewardship, was not an agreeable one to either of the executors under the old will. The direction which the property must take was one that would not admit of any holding back or covering up on their part. They would be required to exhibit clean hands.

The property clearly shown as having passed into their possession was the old mansion and valuable grounds, which had been sold, under an order of the court, at a heavy sacrifice—bringing only thirty-five thousand dollars instead of sixty thousand, its real value, and the proceeds reinvested. Then there was other town property worth twenty thousand dollars; and stocks valued at as much more;—making seventy-five thousand dollars in all as the principal. Interest added would swell the sum for which they must give account to over one hundred thousand dollars.

It was found, on looking into the business, that the whole of this immense sum was invested in the cotton mills. The searches made into the legal condition of these mill properties was not satisfactory. There were several mortgages against them, one of which for twenty-five thousand dollars, was held by the Clinton Bank as collateral security for loans.

After various delays and failures on the part of the old executors to meet us in a satisfactory manner, we all assembled, by appointment, in the office of Judge Bigelow. Mr. Dewey I was surprised to find present. But it was plain that he was there either by the consent or request of the Judge and Squire. The court had given a certain time for the executors under the first will to make up their accounts, and hand over the property in trust. That time had expired.

There was manifest embarrassment on the part of Judge Bigelow and his associate; while Dewey looked stern and dogged. We soon got into the centre of the business; and found it pretty earnest work. It was admitted by the executors that the greater portion of the estate was in the cotton mills. How to get it out was the question.

"I had always understood," said Mr. Wallingford, "that the mills were chiefly owned in New York."

"The New York interest is large," replied Squire Floyd, in a husky voice.

"And can be increased, no doubt, to almost any extent, in order to enable you to withdraw the trust investment," resumed Mr. Wallingford.

"Why cannot you let it remain where it is for the present? The investment is safe and the interest sure," said Judge Bigelow.

"There isn't safer security in the state," spoke up Mr. Dewey, with animation.

"It isn't the kind of security we wish to hold," said Mr. Wilkinson, firmly. "We have given heavy bonds, and prefer to get the property in a different shape."

Here followed a chilling silence, which was broken by Mr. Wallingford.

"There is one way in which this can be arranged," said he.

All eyes were turned upon him.

"If it is not convenient to transfer to new parties interests of such magnitude, we will take, at a fair valuation, the Allen House and grounds appertaining thereto, including the mill site."

Mr. Dewey was on his feet in a moment, and said—

"Never!" with considerable excitement of manner.

Judge Bigelow and Squire Floyd looked at each other in a bewildered manner, and then at Mr. Dewey, who was walking the floor with many signs of disturbance.

"This is the family property," continued Mr. Wallingford, coolly—"and ought never to have been sold. It is but fair that it should come back."

"It can't go back," spoke up Mr. Dewey. "The present owners will not let it pass out of their hands."

"If that is the case," said Mr. Wallingford, "we shall have to look in another direction. It occurred to me that this might suit all parties, and lead to an easy arrangement. But if that cannot be—if the present owners, to use Mr. Dewey's words, will not let it go back—then my suggestion falls to the ground, and we must look to the investments as they stand. We do not press the matter."

I observed Dewey closely; the amount of feeling he displayed having drawn my attention upon him. Once or twice I saw him dart malignant glances towards Mr. Wallingford. And so, by degrees, I began to have a glimpse of what was passing in his mind. To go out from that elegant home, and let Wallingford succeed him as the owner, was something to which his proud heart could not submit—Wallingford, the once despised and contemned student of his uncle! That was too bitter a humiliation.

As nothing could then be decided, another meeting, to take place in three or four days, was agreed upon, and we separated.

CHAPTER XXVI.

As my profession kept me going about all the while, I had opportunities for observing the movements of other people. The day following the meeting referred to in the last chapter, I saw Dewey, the Judge, and the Squire together several times, and always in earnest talk. As I came home, towards evening, I saw them all entering Mr. Dewey's residence. It was plain that there was trouble in the camp.

On the next day Mr. Dewey left town. I noticed him going into a car at the depot. When the time came for our meeting a postponement was asked for. I felt like demurring, but Mr. Wallingford readily consented.

"Give them a little more time," said he, as we walked away from Judge Bigelow's office. "It will come out as we desired. The easiest way for them to arrange with us is to let us have the Allen House property, which is owned by the firm of which Dewey is a member; and it is with a view to this, I have no doubt, that he is now in New York."

So we waited a few days longer. The return of Mr. Dewey took place in the course of a week, when I received a note from Judge Bigelow, asking a private interview. I found him and his nephew alone. They received me in a pleasant, affable way; and the Judge said that he wished to have a little talk with me before another formal meeting of the executors. I answered that it would give me pleasure to confer with him; though I could neither accept nor propose anything standing alone.

"It is not with a view to that, Doctor," replied the judge, his countenance putting on a shade of gravity that nearly obliterated the smiles with which he at first received me. "But I thought it might help to a better issue, if two of the parties representing the opposite interests in this case, were to have a little informal conversation."

"I am ready to hear anything you have to say, Judge, and shall be very happy, if I can aid, in anything, the satisfactory adjustment of these matters."

My answer, I thought, appeared to give him confidence, and he said—

"Without doubt you can aid, Doctor. The position in which Squire Floyd and myself find ourselves placed, is one of some embarrassment. In making investments of the property which came into our hands, we had reference, of course, to its security and productiveness; at the same time looking to a period, still some years in advance, when our trust would cease, and the property pass in due course to the heir at law. To realize on these investments now would be to damage the interests of others; and I cannot feel that it would be right for you to urge this. The discovery of a new will, bearing a later date, is a thing wholly unexpected. We had no warning to prepare for the summary action growing out of its appearance, and, as I have just intimated, cannot proceed, without injury to others."

"I do not believe," said Mr. Dewey, "that the court, if the case were fairly stated, would require this speedy settlement of the trust. And it is my advice, that the whole matter be referred back for a new award as to time. A year longer should be conceded to the executors under the old will."

"That would be equitable," said the judge.

"I am afraid," I made answer to this, "that Mr. Wallingford will not consent to any postponement."

"He won't? The hound!" I was startled by the fierceness of Dewey's tone of voice, and, turning to look at him, saw on his countenance an expression of malignant hatred.

"Ralph!" said Judge Bigelow, in a warning voice.

"I can't repress my indignation," answered the nephew. "What demons from the nether hell have conspired to give *him* power over us. If it had been any other man in the world I could have borne it patiently."

"Ralph! Ralph!" interposed the Judge, in a deprecating voice.

"It is no use, uncle. I cannot keep down my feeling," was replied. "To see you hunted by this hound, who owes you everything."

"Pardon me, Mr. Dewey," said I, "but I cannot hear such language used towards a gentleman of irreproachable character. Mr. Wallingford is not entitled to the epithet you give; and I warn you, not to repeat that, or anything like it, in my presence."

"You warn me!"

A gleam shot towards me from his evil eyes.

"Ralph! silence!" The judge spoke sternly.

"Yes, in all soberness, I warn you," said I, fixing my gaze upon him, and holding his eyes until they fell to the floor. "Mr. Wallingford is not the man to permit any one to use language about him, such as you have indulged in. If you make use of another opprobrious epithet, I will communicate the fact to him immediately. And let me say, that, unless a different temper is manifested, I must terminate this interview at once."

Judge Bigelow drew his nephew aside, and talked for some time with him, in a low, earnest tone; after which the latter apologized, though with an ill grace, for the intemperance of his manner—alleging, that an old wound smarted whenever Wallingford crossed his path.

The result of this confidential talk was not as favorable on my mind as Judge Bigelow had hoped to make it. I pitied his embarrassment; but the conduct of Dewey confirmed my previous view of the case, which was to require a transfer of the property specified by Mr. Wallingford or press for an immediate foreclosure of the mill investments. There was, I felt satisfied, hazard in delay.

When our next formal meeting took place, Dewey was not present. It was in my thought to suggest that he was not a party covered by the business to be considered, when Mr. Wallingford said, in his mild, grave way—

"I believe is a meeting of the Executors under there wills of Captain Allen."

The meaning of his remark could not be misunderstood for he glanced towards Mr. Dewey as he spoke. That individual, however, did not choose to regard himself as referred to, and made no sign. But Mr. Wallingford was not the man to let a deliberate purpose fall the ground. He had come with the intention of objecting to Dewey's presence at the conference, and to insist upon his retiring, as preliminary to business.

No one replying to Mr. Wallingford's remark, he said, further—

"I do not mean to be uncourteous, but I must suggest the propriety of Mr. Dewey's withdrawal."

"I am an interested party," said Dewey, with ill-concealed anger.

"Ah! I was not before aware of this," replied Wallingford, and he looked inquiringly towards the Judge and Squire. They showed an uneasy perplexity of manner, but did not respond.

"In what capacity are you interested?" queried Mr. Wallingford.

"I am one of the guardians to the heir under an existing will."

"A will that the decision of our court has rendered null and void," was promptly answered. "We have not met to consider questions in which Leon Garcia, or his representative, has any concern. Our business refers to other matters."

Dewey moved uneasily, and seemed struggling to keep down his rising displeasure. But he did not manifest any intention to withdraw.

"Had we not better proceed to business?" suggested Squire Floyd.

"Not while Mr. Dewey remains," said I, firmly, taking the side of Mr. Wallingford.

"Somebody will repent himself of this!" exclaimed this self-governed man, passionately, starting to his feet, and striding from the office.

"I don't understand this individual's conduct," remarked Wallingford, in a serious way. "Why has he presumed to intermeddle in our business? It has a bad look."

He knit his brows closely, and put on a stern aspect, very unusual to him.

"You probably forget," said Judge Bigelow, "that you have proposed a change of ownership in property now occupied by him!"

"That was simply to give you more latitude in settling up the estate in your hands. I said we were willing to accept that property at a fair valuation, thinking it would offer a desirable mode of liquidation. It is for you to say yea or nay to us; not Ralph Dewey. If you cannot gain his consent to the transfer, there is an end of that proposal."

I really commiserated the embarrassment shown by the Judge and Squire. They seemed to be in a maze, without receiving the right way of extrication. Dewey appeared to have over them some mysterious influence, above which they had not power to rise.

"If Ralph will not consent—"

"Ralph must consent!" exclaimed Squire Floyd, with a sudden energy of manner, and the exhibition of a degree of will not shown before. "Ralph *must* consent! The mode of adjustment proposed by Mr. Wallingford, is the one easiest for us to accomplish, and I shall insist on Mr. Dewey's giving up his opposition. There is a vast deal more of pride than principle involved in his objection."

The Squire was breaking away from his fetters.

"It is plain," added Squire Floyd, "that his partner wish that property to go in preference to any other. And it must go."

This was a style of remark quite unexpected on our part and only added firmness to our purpose. The interview was not prolonged in discussion. We merely re-affirmed our ultimatum, and gave one week for the two men to decide in what manner to close their trust.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The decision was as I expected it to be; and the old property came back into the family.—There were few hearts in S——— that did not beat with pleasure when it was known that Mr. Wallingford and his lovely wife were to pass from Ivy Cottage to the stately Allen House.

I think the strife between Mr. Dewey and the old executor was severe, and that he yielded only when he saw that they were immovable. An open rupture with Squire Floyd was a consequence of his persistent determination to have the Allen property transferred; and after the settlement of this business, they held no personal communication with each other.

The change in Mr. Dewey's appearance after it became a settled thing that he must remove from the splendid mansion he had occupied for years, was remarkable. He lost the impressive swagger that always said, "I am the first man in S———," and presented the appearance of one who had suffered some great misfortune, without growing better under the discipline. He did not meet you with the free, open, better-than-you look that previously characterized him, but with a half sidelong falling of the eyes, in which there was, to me, something very sinister.

As far as our observation went, Mr. Wallingford put on no new phase of character. There was about him the same quiet, thoughtful dignity of manner which had always commanded involuntary respect. He showed no unseemly haste in dispossessing Mr. Dewey of his elegant home. Two months after the title deeds had passed, I called in at Ivy Cottage, now one of the sweetest little places in S———, for Constance, who had been passing the evening there. Not in any home, through all the region round, into which it was my privilege to enter, was there radiant, like a warm, enticing atmosphere that swelled your lungs with a new vitality, and gave all your pulses a freer beat, such pure love—maternal and conjugal—as pervaded this sanctuary of the heart. I say maternal, as well as conjugal, for two dear babes had brought into this home attendant angels from the higher heaven.

A soft astral lamp threw its mellow rays about the room. Mr. Wallingford had a book open in his hand, from which he had been reading aloud to his wife and Constance. He closed the volume as I entered, and rising, took my hand, saying, with even more than his usual cordiality,

"Now our circle is complete."

"Excuse me from rising, Doctor," said Mrs. Wallingford, a smile of welcome giving increased beauty to her countenance, as she offered the hand that was free—the other held her babe, just three months old, tenderly to her bosom.

"What have you been reading?" I asked, as I seated myself, and glanced towards the volume which Mr. Wallingford had closed and laid upon the table.

"A memorable relation of the Swedish Seer," he replied, smiling.

"Touching marriage in heaven," said I, smiling in return.

"Or, to speak more truly," he replied, "the union of two souls in heaven, into an eternal oneness. Yes, that was the subject, and it always interests me deeply. Our life here is but a span, and our brief union shadowed by care, pain, sickness, and the never-dying fear of parting. The sky of our being is not unclouded long. And therefore I cannot believe that the blessedness of married love dies forever at the end of this struggle to come into perfect form and beauty. No, Doctor; the end is not here. And so Blanche and I turn often with an eager delight to these relations, feeling, as we read, that they are not mere pictures of the fancy, but heavenly verities. They teach us that if we would be united in the next world, we must become purified in this. That selfish love, which is of the person, must give place to a love for spiritual qualities.—That we must grow in the likeness and image of God, if we would make one angel in His heavenly kingdom."

His eyes rested upon Blanche, as he closed the sentence, with a look full of love; and she, as if she knew that the glance was coming, turned and received it into her heart.

I did not question the faith that carried them over the bounds of time, and gave them delicious foreshadowings of the blessedness beyond. As I looked at them, and marked how they seemed to grow daily into a oneness of spirit, could I doubt that there was for them an eternal union? No, no. Such doubts would have been false to the instincts of my own soul, and false to the instincts of every conscious being made to love and be loved.

"The laying aside of this earthly investiture," said Wallingford, resuming, "the passage from mortal to immortal life, cannot change our spirits, but only give to all their powers a freer and more perfect development. Love is not a quality of the body, but of the spirit, and will remain in full force, after the body is cast off like the shell of a crysalis. Still existing, it will seek its object. And shall it seek forever and not find? God forbid! No! The love I bear my wife is not, I trust, all of the earth, earthy; but instinct with a heavenly perpetuity. And when we sleep the sleep of death, it will be in the confident assurance of a speedy and more perfect conjunction of our lives. On a subject of such deep concern we are dissatisfied with the vague and conjectural; and this is why the record of things seen and heard in the spiritual world by Swedenborg—especially in what relates to marriages in heaven—has for us such an absorbing interest."

"Are you satisfied with the evidence?" I ventured to inquire, seeing him so confident.

"Yes."

He answered quietly, and with an assured manner.

"How do you reach a conclusion as to the truth of these things?"

"Something after the same way that you satisfy yourself that the sun shines."

"My eyes testify to me that fact. Seeing is believing," I answered.

"The spirit of a man has eyes as well as his body," said Wallingford. "And seeing is believing in another sense than you intimate. Now the bodily eyes see material objects, and the mind, receiving their testimony, is in no doubt as to the existence, quality, and relation of things in the outer world. The eyes of our spirits, on the other hand, see immaterial objects or truths; and presenting them to the rational and perceptive faculties they are recognized as actual existences, and their quality as surely determined as the quality of a stone or metal. If you ask me how I know that this is quartz, or that iron; I answer by the testimony of my eyes. And so, if you ask how I satisfy myself as to the truth of which I read in this book; I can only reply that I see it all

so clearly that conviction is a necessity. There is no trouble in believing. To attempt disbelief would be to illustrate the fable of Sisyphus."

He spoke calmly, like one whose mind had risen above doubt. I objected nothing further; for that would have been useless. And why attempt to throw questions into his mind? Was there anything evil in the faith which he had adopted as exhibited in his life? I could not say yes. On the contrary, taking his life as an illustration, good only was to be inferred. I remembered very well when his mind diverged into this new direction. Some years had intervened. I thought to see him grow visionary or enthusiastic. Not so, however. There was a change progressively visible; but it was in the direction of sound and rational views of life. A broader humanity showed itself in his words and actions. Then came the subtler vein of religious sentiments, running like pure gold through all that appertained to him.

If, therefore, he was progressing towards a higher life, why should I question as to the way being right for him? Why should I seek to turn him into another path when there was such a broad light for his eyes on the one he had chosen? "By their fruits ye shall know them." And by his fruits I knew him to be of that highest type of manhood, a Christian gentleman.

I noticed, while Mr. Wallingford spoke so confidently of their reunion in heaven, that his wife leaned towards, and looked at him with eyes through which her soul seemed going forth into his.

As the conversation flowed on it gradually involved other themes, and finally led to the question on my part as to when they were going to leave Ivy Cottage.

"That is quite uncertain," replied Mr. Wallingford. "I shall not hurry the present occupant. We have been so happy here, that we feel more inclined to stay than remove to a more ambitious home."

"I hear that Mr. Dewey is going to build," said I.

"Where?"

"He has been negotiating for the property on the elevation west of the Allen House."

"Ah?"

"Yes. The price of the ground, five acres, is ten thousand dollars."

"The site is commanding and beautiful. The finest in S——, for one who thinks mainly of attracting the attention of others," said Mr. Wallingford.

"If he builds, we shall see something on a grander scale than anything yet attempted in our neighborhood. He will overshadow you."

"The rivalry must be on his side alone," was Mr. Wallingford's reply. "No elegance or imposing grandeur that he may assume, can disturb me in the smallest degree. I shall only feel pity for the defect of happiness that all his blandishments must hide."

"A splendid Italian villa is talked of."

Mr. Wallingford shook his head.

"You doubt all this?" said I.

"Not the man's ambitious pride; but his ability to do what pride suggests. He and his compeers are poorer by a hundred thousand dollars, than they deemed themselves a few short months ago."

"Have they met with heavy losses?" I asked, not understanding the drift of his remark.

"The estate in trust has been withdrawn."

"How should that make them poorer?"

"It makes them poorer in the first place, as to the means for carrying on business. And it makes them poorer, in the second place, in the loss of an estate, which, I am sorry to believe, Mr. Dewey and a part of his New York associates, regarded as virtually their own."

"But the heir was approaching his majority," said I.

"And growing up a weak, vicious, self-indulgent young man, who, in the hands of a shrewd, unscrupulous villain, might easily be robbed of his fortune. You may depend upon it, Doctor, that somebody has suffered a terrible disappointment, and one from which he is not likely soon to recover. No—no—we shall see nothing of this princely Italian villa."

"I cannot believe," I replied, "that the executors who had the estate in trust, were influenced by dishonorable motives. I know the men too well."

"Nor do I, Doctor," he answered, promptly. "But, as I have before said, they were almost wholly under the influence of Dewey, and I think that he was leading them into mazes from which honorable extrication would have been impossible."

"Have you given Dewey any notice of removal?" I inquired.

"No. And shall not for some time. I am in no hurry to leave this place, in which the happiest days of my life have passed. Any seeming eagerness to dispossess him, would only chafe a spirit in which I would not, needlessly, excite evil passions. His pride must, I think, lead him, at a very early day, to remove, and thus make a plain way before me."

"How long will you wait?" I asked.

"Almost any reasonable time."

"You and he might not take the same view of what was reasonable," said I.

"Perhaps not. But, as remarked just now, being in no hurry to leave our present home, I shall not disturb him for some months to come. No change will be made by us earlier than next spring. And if he wishes to spend the winter in his present abode, he is welcome to remain."

There was no assumed virtuous forbearance in all this; but a sincere regard for the feelings and comfort of Dewey. This was so apparent that I did not question for a moment his generous consideration of a man who would not have hesitated, if the power were given, to crush him to the very earth.

Many thoughts passed in my mind as I pondered the incidents and conversation of this evening. In looking back upon life, we see the sure progress of causes to effects; and in the effects, the quality of the causes. We no longer wonder at results—the only wonder is, that they were not foreseen. Wise maxims, some of the garnered grains of our fathers' experiences, are scattered through the books we read, and daily fall from the lips of teachers and friends—maxims which, if observed, would lead us to honor and happiness. But who gives them heed? Who makes them the rule of his conduct?

We might wonder less at the blind infatuation with which so many press on in a course that all the wisdom of the past as well as all the reason of the present, combine, if it were possible to rub out our sins, as a child rubs from his slate a wrong sum, and begin the work of life over again. But this cannot be. We weave hourly the web that is to bind us in the future. Our to-day holds the fate of our to-morrows. What we do is done forever, and in some degree will affect us throughout the infinite ages.

"Poor Delia Floyd!" My thought had turned to her as I lay awake, long after the small hours of the morning, burdened with incidents and reflections which had completely banished sleep from my eyes. Into strong pity of my heart, I spoke the word aloud.

"What of her?" said Constance, in a tone of surprise. And so intruding light had kept her awake also!

"Nothing more than usual," answered. "But I cannot sleep for thinking her unhappy state, and what she might have been, if obeying her own heart's right impulses, and the reason God gave her, she had accepted a true man, instead of a specious villain for her husband. The scene in Ivy Cottage to-night stands in most remarkable contrast with some things I witnessed at the Allen House before she went out thence a wretched man for life. She staked every thing on a desperate venture, and has lost. God pity her! there is no help in any human arm. Think of what she is, and what she might have been, is enough to veil her reason in midnight darkness."

"Amen! God pity her!" said Constance. "For truly there is no help for her mortal arm."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

CAMPBELL'S POETRY

Of Campbell's extreme care in poling his verses every one must have heard. The subject of polish—of the power and richness gained or lost by excessive refinement of style—is one perennially interesting to the children of letters. Campbell's file was close as Pope's. In the few specimens of this minute elaboration, thrown into a paragraph by Bredding, there are some felicitous touches of the artist's hand:

He made a number of alterations in his verses; he sometimes printed for correction only, and kept them by him. From one copy of the "Soldier's Dream," after its first publication, it is evident he made the following:

Our bugles had sung, for the night-cloud had lour'd,
to—
Our bugles *sang truce*, for the night-cloud had lour'd.

The allusion in the second version evidently to the pause in a conflict, while in the first it is the common "go to bed," in the soldier's phraseology, sounded in the event of the day. The last line in the second stanza ran—

And twice ere the cock crew I dream'd it again—

it was altered to—

And *thrice* ere the *morning* I dream'd it again.

The third stanza was written—

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate tract
Till nature and sunshine disclosed the sweet way
To the house of my fathers that welcomed me back.

It was changed thus—

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate tract
'Twas autumn, and sunshine disclosed the sweet way
To the *home* of my fathers that welcomed me back.

In a copy of "Hohenlinden," the fourth stanza reads—

Then shook the hills by thunder riv
Then rush'd the steeds to battle driv,
Then *rolling* like the bolts of heav
Far flash'd the red artillery.

It now reads, line the third—

And louder than the bolts of heave

In the same ode—

On Linden's hills of blood-stained sno

once read—

On Linden's *heights of crimson'd* sn

In the "Beech Tree's Petition," alterations were made from—

Though shrub nor flow'ret never grew
My dark, unwarming shade below,
Nor fruits of autumn blossom bore
My green and glossy leaves adorn—

to—

Though *bush* or flow'ret never grow,
My dark, unwarming shade below;
Nor summer lend perfume, the dew
Of rosy blush or yellow hue,
Nor fruits of autumn, &c.

—The line—

The ambrosial amber of the hive,

stood,—

The ambrosial *treasure* of the hive.

Thrice twenty summers I have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude.

—This was altered to—

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow light, the forest green,
And many wintry winds have stood,
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my *pleasant* bower &c.

—"Pleasant" was altered from "rustling." These were some of the re-touches of the poet's earlier works, with a view of rendering his verse more complete, but no similar efforts were made in regard to such inaccuracies as would, by remedying them, appear to be the confessions of an error arising from any deficiency of knowledge, as in those before alluded to in natural history; and the more obvious this was, the more repugnant the feeling seemed to be to a change.

—What color and music gained by the mere change of a word—from "ambrosial treasures" to ambrosial amber! How exquisite the gain from "twice ere the cock crew" to "thrice ere the morning!"—*Reminiscences of Campbell, by Cyrus Redding.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMB'R 17, 1859.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first year's subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,	3,50
Two Copies of THE POST, - - -	3,00
Four " (and one engraving of Niagara Falls)	$5,00
Eight " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	10,00
Thirteen (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	15,00
Twenty (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	20,00
Thirty (and one paper extra, and both engravings of Niagara Falls)	30,00

☞ Those who send clubs of *eight, thirteen,* or *twenty* names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber. "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who incloses us 25 cents to pay the cost of postage, mailing, &c. The cost of this engraving in the stores is Four Dollars! It is a gem.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 139 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

OUR FRIENDS.

It is pleasant to know by various letters, that a large number of our friends are already actively at work, raising clubs for their favorite paper, THE POST. Never was the competition in weekly papers so great as at present, but the inducements we offer this year are so unusual,—both to the getters up of Clubs, and all who join them—that we think there can be very little difficulty in raising clubs for THE POST everywhere.

An extra paper, or the two handsome engravings of Niagara Falls—the retail price of which is five dollars—will reward the exertions of the getter-up of any club of over *eight* names; while the getter-up of a club of *thirty* receives both the engravings and an extra paper besides. It is not necessary to wait till all the club is made up, if any are in a hurry for their papers—the back numbers can be supplied to those joining the club afterwards.

Each club subscriber is entitled to the large and beautiful *steel* engraving, "The Speaking Likeness," by adding 25 cts. to his club rates. Where the members of a club are in doubt whether they want the picture, the getter-up of the club might send on the money for one, and the others make up their minds at their leisure. Although such hesitation, we confess, is a little laughable, considering what the engraving is, still there is "nothing like prudence," and the only thing we are afraid of, is not being able to supply the premium engraving as fast as it is wanted.

Neither the Niagara Engravings nor the Speaking Likeness are the *common lithographs* which so much abound—they are STEEL PLATE ENGRAVINGS, *of large size, and finely executed.*

As to the *original literary* matter *already on hand* for THE POST for 1860, we may recapitulate the titles of the novelets as follows:—

THE EARL'S DAUGHTER," a novelet by the Author of "The Red Court Farm," "The Rock," &c.

THE QUAKER PARTISANS, a novelet by the Author of "The Scout."

THE DANE, a novelet by Mrs. Denison.

UNSERHEIM, a novelet by the Author of "The Ebony Casket."

THE POLITICAL EXILE, an Australian story, by the Author of "Religio Christi," &c.

These, we think, will do to begin with so far as the story department is concerned. As to the other Departments, we trust we shall be able to uphold the high reputation THE POST has always sustained. Those who engage in getting up clubs therefore, need not fear to enlarge upon the literary feast promised for the coming year. We think we never began a year with so many first-rate novelets in hand.

WHAT PEOPLE WILL SAY.—The "*Farmer and Gardener*" says:

Two very elegant steel engravings, "*Hamilton's Views of Niagara Falls,*" are offered by the spirited proprietors of the *Saturday Evening Post*, as premiums to subscribers to their paper, and certainly they alone are worth all that is asked for both paper and engravings. THE POST is one of our oldest, largest and best conducted family papers. In point of intrinsic merit it is infinitely superior to the large majority of our flash literary papers, and as such deserves the hearty support of every parent who wishes to place before his family, reading that will at once amuse, interest, and instruct.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—When small sums are remitted in Postage Stamps, the stamps should be either one cent or three cent stamps, as ten cent ones are much more difficult to get rid of.

WHAT HAS BEEN.

It is often instructive, in contemplating the delusions and follies of our own day, to recur to history, and see what absurd and ridiculous beliefs and actions have disfigured the annals of the past. By so doing we learn both charity and hope. The world as it has come down to us from our ancestors, is a pretty good world on the whole—and at least quite endurable as a place of residence even for the rather unusual period of threescore years and ten. In truth, we are in the habit of considering—for distance lends enchantment to the backward as well as the forward view, and the history of mankind reaches from an Eden at one end to a Millennium at the other—that the ancient days were far better than the present. If we find, therefore, upon examination, that there is not a folly or delusion of the present day but which has been more than equalled in the history of the past, we may with some reason conclude that even the present period of the world, may some one or two centuries hence, appear as quite a brilliant and glowing period of human existence.

A recurrence to the follies of those who lived centuries ago, may also be instructive for another reason. A defect never appears so much a defect in ourselves as in others—and especially if it be magnified in others. Therefore, remembering that human nature is not very unlike in different ages, at least so far as the original essence is concerned, a contemplation of an old delusion may lead us to examine and ascertain whether the age of delusion is altogether passed, and whether the difference between us and our forefathers is not more in the proportion and extent, than in the intrinsic character of our follies.

It was only about one hundred and twenty-five years ago,—when Louis the Fifteenth was King, and a great sectarian quarrel raging between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, the High Church and Low Church of the Catholicism of that day,—that a very curious outbreak of fanaticism occurred in the "enlightened" and "philosophical" capital of France. It commenced at the tomb of Deacon Paris—one of the Jansenist or Low Church school—who had made himself remarkable for his opposition to the famous Papal Bull, which gave the victory to the Jesuits, and for his many and self-denying charities. The admirers of Deacon Paris resorted to his tomb to pray and recite litanies, and it was soon rumored that miracles were worked there. From the excitement of expected miracles, came hysterics and convulsions, until the *convulsionnaries* became almost a sect of themselves. The thing raged on, in spite of legal and ecclesiastical prohibition, until it manifested many of the symptoms of positive madness. Our readers, many of them, will be surprised at the extent to which this delusion was carried. We quote the testimony of several eye-witnesses, as we find them given in an English periodical, from whose statements this brief summary is condensed.

Here is the statement of a gentleman, who visited one of the meetings in question, solely from motives of curiosity. It is M. de la Condamine, a man well known in the literary world of that day, who writes; and his letter has been preserved in that amusing mass of gossip which goes under the name of Grimm's correspondence.

"My eyes," says he, "have witnessed what I desired to see. Sister Francois, aged fifty-five, was in my presence nail'd with four nails to a cross. She remained fixed to it more than three hours. She suffered much, especially in the right hand. I saw her shudder and gnash her teeth with agony when the nails were drawn out. Sister Marie, her proselyte, aged twenty-two years, had much difficulty in making up her mind to the task. She wept, and said naively that she was afraid. At last she made up her mind; but she could not bear the fourth nail, which was not entirely driven home. In this state she read the history of Christ's passion aloud. But her strength fail'd her; she nearly fainted; and cried out, 'Take me down, quick!' She remained fixed to the cross for twenty or twenty-five minutes."

Some remained suspended by the feet with the head hanging down; others caused their breasts to be violently wrenched and torn with pincers. This latter was a very favorite mode of martyrdom. One case is recorded by a medical witness, of a girl not twenty-three years old, who received a hundred blows on the stomach from a heavy bludgeon. Her face beamed with joy the while, and she kept crying, "Ah, how good it is! What delight it gives me! My brother, redouble the force of your blows, if you can."

Dr. Morand, physician to the royal army, having obtained admission to a meeting of "convulsionnaires" held in the Rue des Vertus, in the Quartier Saint-Martin, has left an account of what he saw, from which the following is extracted:

Sister Felicite, a young woman of thirty-five years of age, prepared herself in her turn for crucifixion. She said she was about to undergo it for the twenty-first time. Two planks were nailed together in the form of a cross in a horizontal position. She stretched herself upon it. They drove into her hands and her feet, nails five inches long, which penetrated far into the wood. In this condition she conversed with the bystanders. Shortly after, she demanded that her tongue should be pierced, which was done with the point of a sword. Then she desired that it might be slit; and she was obeyed. Next, a woman of sixty years of age, named in the sect Sister Sion, rolled herself on the ground, pronounced a long unconnected discourse, and prayed ardently. The "papa" (so they called an elderly man who directed the performances) then threw himself on her and trampled all parts of her body, until she said, "Enough." Very soon she cried out "Again!" and the "papa" renewed his trampling with redoubled violence. Then she had convulsions. They next administered to her the "secours of the log." It was a great log of oak-wood, about half a foot in diameter, with which they struck her with the whole swing of their arms again and again. Then she called for the torture of the "press." This consisted in violently compressing the body with straps drawn together with great force. During this horrible compression they kicked her body so violently that the room was shaken by it.

Upon another occasion, when Dr. Morand was present, the police broke in upon the assembly while the "secours" of the log was being administered. On being ordered to cease, the "papa" continued to strike his victim, remarking that "the work of God must be accomplished." Whereupon, he and six women were taken off to the Bastille.

Yet it would seem that idle denizens of the world of fashion, in search of a "sensation," would then, as they have since been seen to frequent as questionable scenes, go to see these revolting exhibitions as to a place of amusement: for, in another account, we read of a victim on the cross, breaking out into violent invective against the rouge worn by a "princess" who entered the room while she was being crucified.

The increasing outrageousness of the fanatics kept pace with the increasing vigilance and violence of the police in its vain efforts to cure a mental malady by bodily pains and penalties. And the police, do what they would, were beaten in the struggle. But the most striking instance of their impotence, and, perhaps, one of the most curious cases on record of the failure of an organized and powerful police to act in opposition to the feelings of a large portion of the public, was seen in the regular appearance of a periodical entitled the Nouvelles Ecclesiastiques, which gave a detailed account of these meetings and the scenes enacted at them. Notwithstanding the unlimited power and resources at their command, and despite all their perquisitions unrestrained by any respect for any man's rights or station, the police were never able to discover the authors of this publication, or the place where it was printed, or to stop the regular appearance of it. A great number of persons both clerical and lay were thrown into prison on suspicion of being connected with it; but the Nouvelles Ecclesiastiques were written, printed, and distributed, as regularly as ever. Sometimes it was printed in the country; sometimes in the city; now in the boats on the river; now again between the stacks of wood in the vast woodyards, by printers disguised as sawyers. It is related that on one occasion, while the lieutenant of police, Herault, was making a perquisition in a house in the faubourg St. Jacques, in the hope of finding the printing-press of the ubiquitous Nouvelles, a number of the sheets wet from the press were thrown into his carriage.

An amusing account is given of the manner in which Paris, when the authors wished it, was placarded with advertisements of their work. A woman, apparently a rag-picker, with one of those large baskets which the chiffonniers of Paris still carry, at her back, and apparently filled with rags, would lean the basket against the wall, as if to rest herself. Immediately, a little child, concealed in the basket, opened a trap contrived in the back of it, applied the previously prepared placard to the wall, shut up the trap again, the rested rag-picker moved on, and the trick was done.

In conclusion, it may be observed that in this case, as in many others of similar character, it was abundantly proved that fanaticism and imposture were mingled in a manner that made it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to separate them, or ascertain the exact proportion of either element. It was, at all events, satisfactorily ascertained, both that in several instances girls were paid to become "convulsionnaires," and that there were persons, mostly ecclesiastics, who gave instructions in the art of becoming such.

For what motive did they thus spend their money, and risk spending the remainder of their lives in the Bastille? Doubtless the answer given by them to their own consciences on this point was, that it was to secure the ascendancy of their own party, and the consequent glory of God, and maintenance of true religion. Doubtless, too, the answer, strange as it may seem, would have been a sincere one. For the Jansenists of the eighteenth century were unquestionably earnest in their religious convictions and practices.

IN DARKNESS AND SILENCE.

Everybody remembers the affecting figure of Tiny Tim, the lame child in Dickens's Christmas Carol. All through Christendom where the generous morning of that tale has shone—in the millions of homes where its broad beam mingles with the Christmas glow, as the good people read again for the dozenth time, with weeping and with laughter, the Christmas Carol—the image of Tiny Tim rises as a touching type of childish suffering. We hope it inspires every one with compassion for the childish multitudes for whom it stands. One of those multitudes comes up before us in a little book called GEORGE: THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND BOY—not a parable, like the Carol, but a narrative of facts. George, too, as the title says, is far worse off than poor Tiny Tim, who was only crippled, while poor George is deaf, dumb, and blind. It is an unusual case. The three main avenues of the senses whereby the external world communicates with the soul, choked up, shut off, closed and barred forever. Some children lose one sense, some two—how rarely three! Add to it all, that George is an orphan. Fatherless, motherless, deaf, dumb, blind!

He is now an inmate of the Blockley Almshouse. The story of his misfortunes, written by some gentle hand, is printed and for sale for his benefit. A small sum will buy it. Here is a chance for all kind souls whom Christmas touches with annual pity for the unfortunate. The little book is for sale at Mr. Stockdale's, the printer's, 117 South Second street, and also at Mr. Biddle's, Minor above Fifth. Go and buy it, and thus or otherwise contribute to help a child afflicted as Laura Bridgeman was, to such an education as Laura Bridgeman received.

THE OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.—Father Kemp, with his "Old Folks," has been treating us here in Philadelphia to the tunes our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing. Have our readers ever attended? The sight on the platform is suggestive. Some thirty people, men and women, in the bell-crowned hats and poke bonnets; long-tailed blues and benjamins; lank gowns with waists under the arms; hair in queues and rolls; knee-breeches and buckled shoes—in a word, in all the quaint engarbment of our ancestors, make up a spectacle which gives one a new sensation. The singing, too, is in striking contrast with Signorina Adalina Patti's!

☞ A subscriber in Worcester Co., Mass., says:—"The engravings of Niagara Falls are splendid. I inclose 25 cents for the Speaking Likeness. Your paper is liked very much."

☞ What would our day be without its morning and evening twilight? A fierce and burning eye without a lid.

☞ Natural will always triumph over acquired genius, as the following anecdote amusingly illustrates:—Cecco d'Arcoli argued against Dante, that nature was more powerful than art. Dante asserted the contrary, and attempted to prove the truth of his assertion by exhibiting his cat—which, by dint of long practice, had been accustomed to hold a candle in its paw while he supped or red. Cecco, however, was not unprepared for the exhibition, and, while Dante's cat went through his performance, he let loose a couple of mice. Whereupon the cat immediately dropped the candle, and rushed upon the mice; so that Nature once more triumphed over Art.

☞ When I reflect, as I frequently do, upon the felicity I have enjoyed, I sometimes say to myself that, were the offer made me, I would engage to run again, from beginning to end, the same career of life. All I would ask, should be the privilege of an author, to correct, in a second edition, certain errors of the first.—*Franklin's Life.*

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

A wonderfully brilliant book, with a fervid and florid rhetoric, pictorial with beautiful and striking images—a book which every lawyer, literary man and person of literary tastes will read with profit and pleasure—is the REMINISCENCES OF RUFUS CHOATE, by EDWARD G. PARKER. (Mason Brothers, New York.) It is a splendid tribute to Mr. Choate's forensic power, to the strength and subtlety of his mind, the wierd beauty of his fancy, the nicety and multiplicity of his literary attainments. We are surprised, however, all the more so that Mr. Parker was a warm personal friend and ardent admirer of Mr. Choate, at the *moral* account he renders of the great advocate. Mr. Choate's professional course excited severe criticisms. "The pedler of eloquence," was the taunt of one of his sternest censors. "A professional Zouave," another called him. "Choate, who made it safe to murder, and of whose health thieves asked before they began to steal," said a third. But these were the descriptions of his enemies, and we should hardly expect to find them illustrated and confirmed by Mr. Parker, who was his admirer and friend. Yet, strange as it may seem, this is what we do find. On page 25, for example, he tells us that Mr. Choate never spared a witness, if his evidence was adverse to Mr. Choate's ends—"if it became necessary, if the witness lay athwart his verdict, then he was crushed down and crushed up and marched over." On pages 32-33, we are told that "he went for victory"—"looked with a single eye to getting the verdict"—"even if he knew his law was so bad that his verdict, when gained, would probably not stand." On page 39, narrating Mr. Choate's career at Salem, it is said, "he had all the *criminal* defences, and if he did not clear all the rogues, *none were convicted* under his surgery." The italics are our own. On page 40, we have the story of a man indicted for stealing a flock of turkeys, whom the government could not convict, spite of proofs, Mr. Choate so successfully obfusticated the jury through four successive trials. On page 41, it is testified that he procured in one term "the actual acquittal of *nearly the whole dock*—of all, certainly, whom he defended." It was the week before Thanksgiving, and the rogues, we are told, "went home to spend Thanksgiving, *instead of to the jails and penitentiaries.*" On the same page, it is said, in illustration of these triumphs of legal ability over justice and the welfare of society, that "no man defended by Mr. Choate, while he practised in that county, was ever convicted by a verdict of the jury!" On page 151 Mr. Parker gleefully exhibits, as "a thing to thank God for," the mode of trickery by which Mr. Choate prevented a judge from seeing the legal principles on which his case was to rest. On the preceding page, Mr. Choate's skill in making "the worse appear the better reason"—in so clothing a legal fallacy as to make it seem to the bewildered judge a fact—is mentioned as though it were a matter to be proud of. But we need not multiply these extracts and references. The black lines of these and similar immoralities run through the whole texture of the volume; and, what is strangest of all, Mr. Parker speaks of them with implied or expressed commendation—speaks of them, in fact, as though they were virtues.

The reader, whose moral sense is alive, renders, however, a different verdict. Anyone who trusts Mr. Parker's account of his friend, rises with the conviction that in the place where Mr. Choate's conscience should have been, there was a hole. If such be the picture Mr. Choate's friends give of him, who can wonder at the criticism of enemies? Mr. Parker is not ashamed to exhibit him as one who preferred victory to truth, who strove with his utmost cunning to bewilder the judge and blind the jury, who oppressed reason with rhetoric, and never blushed to practise the most reckless sophistry and law chicanery of every kind for the accomplishment of his ends. According to Mr. Parker, it was Mr. Choate's labor to pervert law and balk justice, and to turn rogues and criminals loose on society. Trust the statements of this biographer, and we must conclude that Mr. Choate exemplified in himself Junius's withering definition of the lawyer as one subsisting by the indiscriminate defence of right and wrong. To such a career, if we may rely upon the evidence of this volume, he gave his rare gifts of intellect and culture, his meteor eloquence, the magic of his personal magnetism, and, in a word, all the forces and energies of his life! And for such a career, eloquently depicted, Mr. Parker asks and expects the admiration of honest men!

We leave this astonishing volume and this astounding claim to the public. Mr. Parker writes beautifully. He knows how to marshal his words, and his story moves in melody through a pomp of decorated sentences. His reminiscences of the great advocate are often delightful, and his pages glitter and sparkle with expressional felicities. But it is all literary, and no stray beam of conscience or honor ever gilds his periods. For one throb of true American feeling—one pulse of the New World's hope and promise—this gentleman might as well have been born in Vienna.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BABY NIGHT-CAPS. Stories for Children. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE NEW NIGHT-CAPS TOLD TO CHARLEY. Stories for Children. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

BIBLE STORIES IN BIBLE LANGUAGE. For Children. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

MARTHA'S HOOKS AND EYES. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

PRINCE CHARLIE, THE YOUNG CHEVALIER. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE PERCY FAMILY. Through Scotland and England. By DANIEL C. EDDY. A. F. Graves, Boston.

EDITH'S MINISTRY. By HARRIET B. MCKEEVER. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

☞ Never marry a man until you have seen him eat. Let the candidate for your hand pass through the ordeal of eating soft boiled eggs. If he can do it and leave the tablespread, the napkin, and his shirt unspotted—take him.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THANKS TO THE COMET!—A SINGULAR VERDICT—WHAT'S IN A NAME?—STATISTICS OF CRIME—IMPORTANT TO PIRENNE—AN EX-ROYAL CAPRICE—ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

PARIS, Nov. 17, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

While the world is awaiting a solution of the "Italian Difficulty"—which words ought to mean simply "the difficulty of understanding the Emperor Napoleon's views upon Italy"—the uneasy little planet is rolling on its way, and approaching, we may well believe, regions unknown to us at present, both in space, and in politics. Hungary dissatisfied; the Danubian Principalities unquiet; Germany preparing for action of some sort; Austria full of slumbering volcanoes; Sicily almost in open conflagration; Italy at her wit's end, stunned for the moment by the veto which Napoleon has forced Victor Emmanuel to put on the offer of the Regency to his brother; Russia pausing, only, in her designs on Turkey, and Turkey herself going on from bad to worse; Spain going to war with a nest of pirates as though to the grandest of all possible crusades against the infidel; France pushing forward, night and day, preparations for military action most portentous to Europe generally, and ruining herself in naval armaments for which she can have no use as long as she is at peace with her neighbor across the Channel; the latter strenuously bestirring herself for the possible contingency which the greater part of the French press has been for some years doing its best to make her regard as probable; a war with China actually begun, and a serious question pending between the governments of the two people who ought to be the firmest friends of one another;—such are the prospects which the waning year threatens to leave us on its departure! A gloomy look out, assuredly; and one which may naturally send all lovers of their kind, (or of peaceful progress, which comes to the same thing) into a fit of cogitation more earnest than satisfactory!

Meantime, the current of daily life runs on, pretty much as usual. Among other matters recently disposed of here, is the trial of the young woman, Leonie Chereau, who, it will be remembered, stole the infant child of M. Hua, a few weeks ago, in the Gardens of the Tuileries. This young woman, who gave her age as 17, though she looks older, was committed, along with her mother, on this very serious charge, in consequence of the denunciation of the woman in Orleans, to whose care the two had committed the abducted baby. The trial has created extraordinary sensation here; the Court being crammed to suffocation each day.

The evidence brought forward having speedily shown the entire innocence of the mother, she was set free, but remained in Court throughout the trial, in attendance on her daughter. The latter is a handsome girl, very elegantly dressed, who made no attempt to deny the charge. It was shown that Madame Chereau, the mother, is a widow of respectable standing, residing in Orleans; that her daughter had been seduced by a young man from Paris, who had promised her marriage, but refused to fulfil that promise, and that the young woman, with a view to inducing her unworthy lover to marry her, had left her home, pretending that she was about to become a mother, taking her measures with such adroitness that her mother was fully persuaded of the truth of her story; that having tried in vain to procure an infant in Orleans, she had come to Paris, passed herself off on the nurse of Madame Hua as the sister of that lady, and possessed herself of the child as narrated in a former letter; that the mother, on seeing her daughter arrive in Orleans with the infant, believed it to be her own child. The girl being graceful, handsome, and intelligent, having been infamously treated by her seducer, and having stolen the child, not from any malicious intention, but simply as a means of working upon his feelings, and inducing him to repair the harm he had done, it is not strange that the jury were inclined to leniency. Considering that the commission of the crime was not only fully proved against the prisoner, but was also avowed by her, and that, when the judge, in summing up, asked her the usual question of whether she "had anything farther to say," she said, "No, except that I beg pardon of Monsieur and Madame Hua," it would have seemed impossible to doubt what the verdict of the jury would be; but no one would have been surprised had the verdict been "guilty, but with extenuating circumstances." To the great astonishment of everybody, however, an enlightened and conscientious jury has actually returned a verdict of "Not guilty." So, the trial over, the young woman who had driven a happy young couple nearly mad with anguish, at the disappearance of their first and only child, has gone quietly and comfortably back to Orleans with her mother!

The numbers of foreigners—especially of English and Americans—now in Paris is something surprising. For some time past, various causes have conspired to diminish, very sensibly, the influx of the visitors on whose shopping and feasting this gay metropolis, or rather its tradespeople, count so confidently.—But just now the streets are thronged with visitors; and you hear scraps of conversation in almost all tongues as you pass along. From one of these "birds of passage"—whose raising on the oranges and pineapples of Barbadoes seems to have incapacitated him from appreciating those fruits as raised in this part of the world—I have just picked a curious little bit of history touching the extinction of the last scions of the once Imperial house of the Palæologi—the illustrious race so honorably commemorated by Gibbon—which furnished eight Emperors to Constantinople, and was the last of the ten dynasties, exclusive of the Franks, that reigned over the Greek Empire. Mighty were they in power, dignity and renown; yet within less than two centuries after the heroic death of the Emperor Constantine, their direct descendant, Theodoro Palæologus, was a resident, altogether obscure and unnoticed, in a remote parish of Cornwall, viz.: that of Landulph, a locality already associated with another family of Byzantine celebrity, the Courtenays. The old church of Landulph possesses many curious memorials; but none more interesting than a brass tablet recording the death of Theodoro Palæologus, "descended from ye Imperyall Lyne of ye last Christian Emperors of Greece, who departed this lyfe ye 21st January, 1636." Of Theodoro's daughters, the younger, Dorothy, married a Mr. William Arundel, and is styled in the parish registry of St. Mellion, "Dorothea Palæologus, *de stirpe Imperatorum.*" Of Theodoro's sons, the third, Ferdinando, after fighting on the royal side at the battle of Naseby, escaped to Barbadoes, where he married and settled, calling his tropical home "New Clifton," in remembrance of his native Landulph. There he died, in 1678, leaving an only son, Theodore Palæologus, who died soon after, young and unmarried. Thus expired the male line of the Palæologi; but many a long year after, so late as the last war of independence in Greece, a deputation was appointed to inquire whether any of the family of Palæologus existed. This deputation visited Italy and the various countries in which the Palæologi had become refugees; and, among other places, Landulph; but no male Palæologus could be found, or a humble resident of the remote Cornish village, or the yet more distant West Indian colony, might perchance have ascended the restored throne of Greece.

Similar instances of the vicissitudes of family existence have occurred even in our own day. The Encumbered Estates Act, which, by decreeing the dismemberment and sale, under certain circumstances, of hopelessly encumbered property in the Emerald Isle, has been of inestimable benefit to that country; yet its operation has, in some cases, borne very hard on the hereditary owners of the same. Among other striking instances which might be quoted to this effect, is that of the last descendant of a once royal Milesian house, the "Princess of Connemara," as she was still popularly styled in Ireland. A succession of bad harvests, and other disasters not preventible by the lady to whom had descended the vast, but hopelessly involved, estates of one of the longest lines of ancestry in Europe, brought the poor princess's affairs to a dead-lock. The Commissioners on the above-named Act stepped in, and took the estates in hand forthwith; cutting up and selling, at a time when the general depression of the country rendered it certain that the lands so sold would be got rid of only to speculators, and at merely a fractional part of their value. The Princess of Connemara was left, in fact, a beggar by the operation; while a number of greedy speculators laid the foundations of immense fortunes in the spoils of her estate. The unfortunate lady—whose long arrears of taxes were not even defrayed by the proceeds of the forced sale of all her lands—finding herself homeless and penniless in the land of her birth, came over to France, with a small sum that had been raised by friendly hands, to pay her journey; and succeeded in maintaining herself for a few years in this city, by giving lessons in English. Her career, however, was a short one; and she died, after passing here a few years of privation and obscurity. Happily, however, cases of so cruel a nature do not often occur; but it is impossible to think of the hard fate of this last representative of the ancient lords of Ireland, without a wish that the action of a law—wise in principle, and exceedingly beneficial in its extended working—could be so far modified in certain cases, as to avoid the infliction of great and unmerited personal suffering in individual cases.

The decided amelioration of affairs in Ireland is undoubtedly owing, in part, to the useful results of this very law. Great as are the obstacles yet to be overcome, before that country, whose soil and whose children are alike so richly gifted, shall take her place in the family of nations the increase of material prosperity and general intelligence, with the proportional diminution in crime which always accompanies the improvement of the physical and social conditions of a people, are plainly evident. In England also, the annual amount of crime is lessening, and that, too, in spite of a proportional increase in the department of crimes against property. In France, however, the contrary is unhappily true. At the opening of the Imperial Court lately, M. de Gaujal delivered an address which has created some sensation, from the force with which he insisted on the necessity of enforcing the laws for the punishment of crime with much more severity than obtains at present, basing this demand for additional severity on the rapid increase of crime in France. "It is certain," stated this high authority, "that in France, during the last thirty years, the number of crimes, especially of those committed by liberated prisoners, has constantly increased.—Offenders do not seem to be sufficiently intimidated; society is not protected as it ought to be. The evil is wide-spread and inveterate.—Official statistics prove that the number of certain offences has increased at the rate of 100, 150, 300, and even 1,000 per cent. The number of offences tried by the Correctional tribunals at the instance of the public prosecutors was, from 1826 to 1830, 48,563; 1831 to 1835, 55,585; 1836 to 1840, 71,350; 1841 to 1845, 84,306; 1846 to 1850, 117,512; 1851 to 1855, 154,355; in 1857, the number tried for similar offences was 154,077. What a fearful increase! Not less than 220 per cent. in thirty years! The number of re-convictions has increased still more rapidly. The statistics of 1850 show that between that year and 1826 they had doubled. In 1851, the number of persons accused of second offences was 28,548; in 1852, 33,005; in 1853, 35,700; in 1854, 36,479; in 1855, 38,771; in 1856, 40,345; in 1857, 41,642. These returns do not even show the full number of these cases. Such are the statistics on which M. de Gaujal bases his demand; and it must be confessed that the prospect thus afforded is anything but satisfactory, though the question as to the efficacy of the means on which he would rely for the improvement of public morality is at least open to debate.

But if the virtue of this clever and pleasant people be of a rather dubious character, there is no doubt of the activity of their inventive talent. A M. Dargent, Lieutenant of the Fire-Brigade of Yvetot, made a public trial, a few days ago, at Rouen, of an invention of his for enabling people to escape from the upper stories of a house on fire. A carbine is first loaded with a ball carrying a pack-thread, and then fired into the wing of the story inhabited by the persons to be saved. This pack-thread has a strong line attached to it, and this again is secured to a cable, which, by this means is easily drawn up, and, being furnished with grapnels, is easily fixed. The cable is then held by ten or twenty men, or else fixed to the ground in a sloping position. A set of strong canvas braces, made so as to be slipped on and secured to the arms and legs, is hauled up by the person in distress, who puts it on, and then slides down the cable in perfect security. As the velocity with which he would reach the ground might cause a serious concussion, a mattress is held by eight men, to break his descent. It takes seven minutes to get the apparatus into working order. The trial in question succeeded perfectly; forty-one soldiers slipped down from the fifth story of the barracks of Martinville, and reached the ground without accident.

This simple but excellent invention will no doubt be of great service in rescuing persons from the frightful predicaments to which they are but too often exposed in this preparatory stage of the world's existence, wherein we have not yet reached the solution of the two elementary problems of warming our houses, and of making them fire-proof. The fires which have taken place lately at the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, and the Chateau of Meudon, where Prince Jerome lives when not at the Palais-Royal, show how imperfect are our methods of building and of warming, which cannot guarantee even Imperial dwellings from the danger of fire.

As to Prince Jerome, who is now growing old, it is said that his health is seriously giving way. He has certainly been very ill lately, as I learn from one of the Emperor's *ecuyers* that his Majesty remained at the Palace the other day, instead of going out hunting as intended, being anxious to hear the report of the old fellow's state, which he was expecting every moment by a special courier. A day or two afterwards he went over to Meudon, and had an interview with him. As the gay people now assembled at Compiègne, however, do not like the idea of the sudden suspension of amusement, and the long court-mourning which will follow the decease of the ex-King, whenever that event shall occur, they affect not to believe that Jerome is as ill as less elevated human beings opine him to be. The old man is thought better of than either his son or daughter; but plenty of very dubious stories are extant on his score. He is very self-indulgent, and full of the capricious fancies which the French call *manies;* one of these is his never allowing a minute to elapse between his giving the order for his carriage, and the appearance of the desired vehicle at the door of his abode, where that may be. His head coachman,—from whom I have this detail—is always in a state of agonized expectation, perched on the box of the old Prince's usual vehicle, with postillions at the heads of the horses, waiting to dash up to the door the instant the expected summons is heard. If the horses get tired, they are taken out and replaced with nervous haste and trepidation by another set, and so on throughout the day. Numbers of stable-boys, grooms, &c., are also on the *qui vive* from morning to night, ready to harness other horses into other vehicles, should their master call for any other than his usual one. One can hardly think, without mingled pity and hilarity, of the state of nervous exasperation in which these unfortunate servants are condemned to pass their existence: and which nothing short of the ingrained devotion of flunkeydom to the magic quality of royalty, Imperialism, and so forth, could possibly induce them to undergo.

The old Prince's death, whenever it happens, will be a great loss to one person at any rate; that one being his daughter-in-law, to whom he has been exceedingly kind, having conceived a warm affection for her at first sight. Rumor declares the young Princess to "have had enough of her husband;" and as the course of his life, before and since his marriage, is of the most unedifying character, it does not seem improbable that such may be the case. Certain it is that the young wife spends much more time with her aged father-in-law; and that he, on his part, seeks to gratify her slightest wishes with truly paternal kindness. It has been asserted a dozen times that Princess Clotilda was on the point of leaving Paris, and an unenviable husband, and returning to Turin. But these are probably exaggerations. At any rate, Prince Napoleon, who has just come back from his summer-journeying, is having the interior of the Palais-Royal richly decorated, with a view, it is said, to giving a series of splendid *fetes* there during the coming winter.

QUANTUM.

☞ The line which divides some Christians from the world is very truly a mathematical line—without breadth or thickness.

☞ It is worthy of notice, that, while second thoughts are better in matters of judgment, first thoughts are always to be preferred in matters that relate to morality.—*Rush.*

☞ A wag has invented a new telegraph. He proposes to place a line of women fifty paces apart, and commit the news to the first of them as a secret.

☞ There is something more sacred than the prerogative, or even than the constitution—the public weal, for which all powers are granted, and to which they must all be referred.—*Hallam.*

☞ Whoever writes or acts by system may stand a chance of being uniformly wrong.

☞ It is an old and true saying that a man should not marry unless he can support a wife; and, from some examples that we have seen, we are beginning to doubt seriously whether a woman can prudently marry unless she can support a husband.

☞ "This is an exorbitant charge for a very slim luncheon," said a traveller to the host. "Will you *specify* the articles that amount to two dollars?" "Well, two chops, that's fifty cents; and two cups of coffee, that's twenty-five cents, and bread and butter, is one dollar, and—and—the *other* things make the *other.*"

☞ It is the solemn thought connected with middle age, that life's last business is begun in earnest.

LETTER FROM CHINA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

U. S. S. POWHATAN,
SHANGHAE, Sept. 10th, 1859.

Mr. Editor:—Listen while I tell you something more about our visit to Peiking—or rather while I talk to you about some things we heard and saw while we were there cooped up like so many prisoners of war upon our parole. My only regret is that the "some things" which we "saw" are not more numerous, but I explained the reason for that in my last letter—we did not go out, and consequently could not *see.*

We were sitting at breakfast one morning a few days after our arrival, when the conversation turned upon "China and its customs." The Rev. W. A. P. Martin, a most worthy and able Presbyterian missionary at Ningpo, who had accompanied us in the capacity of interpreter, was the principal speaker, and the rest of the legation were the listeners.

"Yes, there are some very strange things in China," replied Mr. Martin, in answer to an observation of the Minister's, "very strange! We know that they are not a ferocious and bloodthirsty people, and yet the most revolting facts often come to our ears—facts that we cannot doubt. I know, for instance, of a colonel in the Chinese army, who invariably broils and eats the hearts of his enemies slain in battle, thinking that it increases his courage—or rather that it adds to his natural ferocity. Then again we often hear of the most cruel tortures being inflicted upon prisoners—the imperialists being no better than the rebels. Flaying people alive, roasting them, putting them to death by cutting off piece after piece of the extremities, &c., &c. Horrible! Too horrible, in fact, to relate. Go among them *as individuals* and you find them pleasant and kindly disposed—why then, acting in masses, do they become unmerciful beasts? 'Mob excitement' is the only cause I can imagine."

"That colonel must surely be an exception?" queried a listener, "otherwise we must accuse the nation of cannibalism."

"No, he cannot be called an exception, for there are undoubtedly *many other Chinese soldiers* who do the same thing: neither can we accuse the nation at large of cannibalism, because it is not usual in China to eat human flesh—I don't know that I ever heard of any part of the body *but the heart* being touched, and that by military men for the avowed purpose of making them *more military.* Perhaps it would be just to say that *in China one is not looked upon with abhorrence who has eaten human flesh,* but I do not think it would be right to say, for instance, 'the Chinese are as much cannibals as the Feejees, for they eat human beings.'"

"No, it would not!" assented the listener. "Because it is not carried to as great an extent. Still the fact remains that *persons in China do eat human flesh without drawing upon themselves the loathing and condemnation of their acquaintances,* hence I should say—'IN SPIRIT, *the Chinese* ARE CANNIBALS.'"

"That is as we happen to view it!" replied Mr. M. "I think differently. There is no denying their *singularity,* however; a few instances of which I think would not be out of place. They have all happened in or about Ningpo since my location there, and I can speak positively as to their truth from my own—in two of the cases—personal knowledge. I *saw them,* and was moreover acquainted with some of the interested parties."

"What were they? Go on! We are getting excited!"

"No. 1 was a case between a man and his son. The father was a man universally esteemed about Ningpo for his upright conduct and amiable bearing, and the son was as universally known as a blackleg, a prodigal, and a disgrace to his friends. For years the old man had put up with his disgraceful acts and extravagant calls upon his purse, but finally came to the conclusion that the interests of his other children called upon him to take some action. He therefore called a council of the members of the different branches of the family, and asked their advice. It was that the young man be warned to mend his ways or abide the vengeance of his outraged relatives. The warning was given in a most impressive way, but apparently with no effect—the outrageous conduct still continued, and a second council was the result. It was then determined that the father should take advantage of his patriarchal authority of life and death over his own offspring, and deprive the young man of his existence. It was accomplished in this way: He having been secured and sewed up in a sack, was carried to the bank of the river by his relatives without any attempt at concealment, held with his head under water until life was extinct, and then carried away and buried with all the respect that would have been accorded him had he died from natural causes, and regretted by all who knew him."

"Certainly a most summary method of curing a fast youth!" observed a listener.

"I could respect that father if I knew him!" added another. "How often have I heard a poor parent exclaim, 'Oh, I would rather follow him to the grave, than to see him conducting himself thus.' I don't know but that the Chinese father pursued the right course."

The second case spoken of by Mr. M. was very similar to the foregoing, the only difference being that the father was represented by an elder brother. Finding it *impossible* to restrain the castaway, he removed him in the same manner to save any farther disgrace being entailed upon his name. In both these cases the active parties were sustained by the community, *not because they had punished crime,* but because the customs of their forefathers *gave them* (the heads of families) *the right to punish those under them in that way for those crimes.* In short *it was the great veneration and respect which Chinese have for the authors of their being,* which caused the community to support the father and elder brother in their respective murders. They said—"Those young men *should* have died for failing in respect to their elders!" Not because they had been *guilty of crime,* but because they treated with contempt their parents when remonstrated with. Let us prove this with case No. 3.

Here the offending party was a woman—a woman of the town. Universally contemned, and disagreeing daily with every one connected with her by the ties of family, she lived a life of riot, debauchery, and sin. She had no husband, parents, or other near relative to restrain her, and the task consequently fell upon her step-son—a youth of good standing, who was generally esteemed by the neighbors. Unable to accomplish anything by argument, this young man in an evil hour *forgot the respect and veneration* due from him toward his mother, (though only his *step*mother) and put her to death. Now *the inducements* were the same in all these cases, but mark the difference in their reception by the multitude. We know how they received the news of the first two murders. Upon hearing of the last they were shocked. "What! *kill a man's own parent?* Impossible! Away with him! Stone him to death!" And the young man that had proved himself so totally wanting in veneration was stoned to death; while the Roman father and elder brother were held up to the admiration of their neighbors. So much for our breakfast-table conversation regarding the customs of China.

The following note, which I find entered in my note-book five days after our arrival at Pei-king, afforded us considerable amusement at the time, and may be equally successful with the reader.

"The Junior Commissioner arrived this morning, and wished to know when His Excellency, the Minister would like to commence being initiated into the mysteries of the Ko-tow, as it would require some days practice, even as the house and teacher had already selected!"

Theidea of our Minister being lugged out like a school boy or hand-organ monkey, to be initiated in the part he was expected to perform (at which he had calmly said he *would not* perform) in the absurd ceremonies attendant upon a presentation to a yellow man dressed in silks and satins, and seated in a large gilt arm chair, was so laughable that we forgot to be indignant and laughed—"Oh, nonsense! nonsense!" But it was really true, and the vivid imaginations of "the suite" at once began putting pictures, in all of which the foregrounds were occupied by "His Excellency" *a la* hand-organ monkey, and the celestial teacher of the mysteries of the ceremony of adoration, known as "The Ko-tow." It may be well here to add that *a portion* of "the Ko-tow" consists of sinking upon both knees before the Imperial sitter, and then and there bumping the head nine times in token of submission and *adoration.* Had not our Minister been the man he is: had he not been slow to anger, and of sound common sense, he would have taken serious offence upon more than one occasion not unsimilar to this, (proposals equally insulting,) and the Treaty, President's Letter, indemnities, &c., would have all disappeared in a grand flare-up. Instead of this, however, the treaties have been exchanged, the President's letter delivered, the return letter from the Emperor received, and the money is flowing in to settle the claims of our merchants. And this is chiefly owing to the tact, patience and good judgment displayed upon the part of the Hon. John E. Ward, of Georgia.

Turning to another leaf of my note book, I read—

"*July 31st,* 1859.—I have just listened to a sermon by the Rev. Henry Wood, Chaplain U. S. L. *Just one year ago to-day,* the same gentleman delivered the first Protestant sermon in the heart of Japan, and now he has done the same thing in the secluded Capital of China."

This I think, is a fact worthy of note. The name of the man who first preaches to benighted nations in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ deserves to be perpetuated to the end of time, and though in neither of these cases was the service got up for the natives, still at both were some of them present.

It has never been my fortune to entertain a high opinion of Chinese humanity or generosity, and I don't think that the utterance of the expression I am now about to relate has tended much to elevate the standard of my opinion. Seik, the junior Commissioner, having called upon the Secretary of Legation to settle some point, the subject of our Chinese boys* not being allowed to walk about the city, was introduced toward the close of the interview by the interpreter. They had complained of being thus confined, *in the Capital of their own country,* and it was now requested that they might be allowed freedom to go and come as they chose. To this Seik replied, with a laugh—

"O! you must not mind those Canton boys! They are great rascals; always giving trouble. When I was Governor at Souchau, I cut off a great many of their heads."

He then went on to intimate that, though in our employ, those boys were still subjects of the Emperor, consequently his *servants,* consequently liable to the dominion of his officers, of whom he, Seik, was one. This matter seems to have been dropped here, and it is perhaps better for all parties that it was.

Altogether, this Pei-king experience of ours was exceedingly rich! Up to the very last day they had trifled with us, and talked very largely upon some occasions—and then, just as we were getting ready to return, after it had been determined that Mr. Ward would not perform the Ko-tow, that he consequently could not be presented, that the President's letter would be received there, and that the treaties would be exchanged somewhere else; after all this came a letter, filled with the most brilliant and glowing sentences, in praise of both the President and Minister. They had of course never seen Mr. Buchanan, and had failed to bring Mr. Ward into their views, and yet they did not hesitate to exhaust the Chinese vocabulary for polite and endearing expressions of their high regard and good wishes. Our Minister of course knew what they all amounted to.

The following incident will give a fair idea of the distrust entertained by the Commissioners and others as to our true motives for coming to Pei-king. It is undoubtedly true that many Chinese who looked upon us, believed that if we were not all spies of the English and French, there were at any rate one or more of those characters among our number. The incident was this:

Some one of the party having accidentally got possession of an ordinary paper fan, with a plan of Pei-king stamped on one side, and the entire Chinese Empire on the other, flourished around so extensively with his prize, that we all became ambitious to possess similar trophies, and took measures accordingly. We requested our boys to tell the Coolies to bring some in with them the next day, and the next day came, and the Coolies did as they had been desired. There not being enough, however, for every one, one of the writers was told to speak to the Mandarin who was stationed at the gate, requesting that more might be sent for. This official replied to the request by looking very grave, and saying that he did "not know about that!" shaking his head at the same time in a very on-the-watch-for-conspirators-like manner, and adding that it would be necessary to refer the request to a higher authority. The next morning, tired of waiting, we again sent out our Coolie to purchase some more, but before an hour had elapsed were surprised to learn that he had been stopped at the gate by the fat official, searched, deprived of his fans, and ordered not to attempt to introduce any more *with the map of the city upon them,* as they had been prohibited by the authorities. And that was the last we ever heard of the fan-question: not a word that was *official* in answer to our request. The writer, however, told us after our return on board, that "the request of the Americans to be supplied with fans having the map of Pei-king upon them," had created the greatest excitement; and that serious results had like to have flowed from it. The Mandarins, he said, had jumped at the conclusion that it was not the fans we desired, *but the plan of the city which was upon them,* so that when we came to attack it we might know the ground. This poor fellow, who was a convert to Christianity from the neighborhood of Shanghae, and who had heard of Master Seik's remark regarding himself and the other Chinese of our party being still servants, and knowing at the same time that we were in the centre of the country, far away from our ship, and entirely at their mercy; knowing all this, he evidently felt that there was a possibility of their all parting company with their heads; and so he kept remarkably quiet upon the subject of Pei-king fans until after our safe return on board.

*Mess boys, that we had shipped at Canton, and that we had carried to Pei-king as servants.

PHILADELPHIA PUBLISHING ENTERPRISE.—The publication of that world's wonder in literature, Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, would seem of itself sufficient to place its projectors in the front rank of enterprising and discriminating publishers; and, were this the only work bearing the imprint of Childs & Peterson, kindly memories would always cluster around the mention of that Philadelphia firm. But this monument of Allibone's patient toil and vast erudition is only a small specimen of its publishers' progressive spirit. Of Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations, they have sold one hundred and thirty thousand volumes, and have paid, as copyright to its author and his family, sixty-five thousand dollars cash. But for the crisis of 1857, the sales of this valuable work would have increased this amount to one hundred thousand dollars. The copyright paid is one dollar per copy (two volumes.) The estate of Judge Bouvier receives upwards of five thousand dollars per annum as copyright upon his Law Dictionary and Institutes of American Law. To Col. Fremont, also, has been advanced a large sum upon his Explorations, now in press and shortly to be published by this house. A new issue of Blackstone's Commentaries, edited by Judge Sharswood, has been so eagerly sought for that the first edition was exhausted in a few days, and a second, now in press, will little more than supply the unfilled orders for the book. Of Peterson's Familiar Science one hundred and three thousand copies have been sold.—*Boston Post.*

WITHDRAWN.—The accusation against Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, for stabbing R. S. Fay, Jr., the Treasurer of the Middlesex Mills, has been withdrawn because the prosecutor found that no complaint against him could be sustained. The fact is that Dr. Ayer merely defended himself as best he might, with a penknife he happened to have in his hand, against a cowardly assault made on him from behind, with the premeditation to dishonor and punish him for the exposure he has made and is making of the wrongs practiced by the officers upon our manufacturing corporations. This community not only upholds the Doctor's successful defence of his person, but it heartily approves his course in publicly denouncing the Tite-Barnacle Family management—the abuses of our public property for private ends. Dr. Ayer's medicines, however valuable, are not all for which the masses of our people hold him in regard.—*Boston Herald.*

ARSENIC AS A PROMOTER OF BEAUTY.—Statements have occasionally been published of late years, that the young women in the Austrian provinces of the Tyrol were in the habit of eating arsenic to improve their complexion, and that the poisonous substance so far from injuring the health, promoted an increase of flesh. This dangerous romance has recently been exposed by Dr. Danbury, in a paper before the British Association. He says no faith is to be put in the statement, notwithstanding it had found a place in Dr. Johnson's "Chemistry of Common Life." The reverse of the statement is, in fact, true. It is said that this use of arsenic was told to Dr. Johnson by a practical joker who did not like to confess the imposition which he had put upon the chemist after it became public. Therefore, young ladies, beware.

GERMINATION OF TREE SEED.—The Washington (D. C.) Star, says:—The Agricultural Bureau of the United States Patent Office is constantly in receipt from almost every section of the country of different varieties of tree seed, which from the fact of having lost their germinating powers when they reach the office, are of course useless. As the office is desirous to have these seed when they can be procured in a proper condition, we would suggest to those persons sending such, that, with regard to those which survive only for a short time after being exposed or separated from the branch, they would pack such in moss, sand, or other substance, which would tend to supply their nutriment. They would then be very acceptable to the office.

THE ASHTON GUARDS HOAX.—A few scamps at Morris, Grundy County, down here on the Illinois and Michigan Canal, procured the insertion in a *few copies* of their local paper, of a flaming account of the preparations of the Ashton Guards, Capt. Cleveland, for a march upon Charlestown, for the rescue of Brown. One of these copies, accompanied by a hifalutin letter, was sent to the New York Herald, and that journal eagerly seized it as a new and most satisfactory evidence of the treasonable demoralization of the whole North. Of course, the story was a canard in all its parts; but as it shows how others of like character have been manufactured, it is worthy of mention. —*Chicago Press and Tribune.*

CALIFORNIA.

[Bayard Taylor closed a lecture delivered in San Francisco, on the 18th of October, with reciting the following poem, which had been written on that day:]—

Oh, fair young land, the youngest, fairest far
Of which the world can boast,
Whose guardian planet, evening's silver star,
Illumes thy golden coast.

How art thou conquered, framed in all the pride
Of savage beauty still!
How brought, oh, panther of the splendid hide,
To know thy Master's will!

No more thou sittest on thy tawny hills,
In indolent repose;
Or pour'st the crystal of a thousand rills
Down from thy house of snows.

But where the wild oats wrapped thy knees in gold,
The ploughman drives his share;
And where, through canons deep, thy streams are rolled,
The miner's arm is bare!

Yet in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn,
A nobler seed shall lie:
Mother of mighty men, thou shalt not mourn
Thy lost virginity!

Thy human children shall restore the grace
Gone with thy fallen pines:
The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face
Shall round to classic lines!

And Order, Justice, Social Law shall curb
Thy untamed energies;
And Art and Science, with their dreams superb,
Replace thine ancient ease.

The marble, sleeping in thy mountains now,
Shall live in sculptures rare;
Thy native oak shall crown the sage's brow—
Thy bay the poet's hair.

Thy tawny hills shall bleed their purple wine,
Thy valleys yield their oil;
And Music, with her eloquence divine,
Persuade thy sons to toil.

Till Hesper, as he trims his silver beam,
No happier land shall see,
And Earth shall find her old Arcadian dream
Restored again in thee!

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

I was not very much surprised to receive, one morning, a letter from my niece, Mrs. Lorimer, although she had never written to me since her marriage—nearly four years ago—nor did the contents of her letter excite much astonishment in my mind, different as it was from the undeviating accounts I had always received of her happiness and prosperity. I was unspeakably grieved, to be sure; but I had always had my doubts about the sincerity of her protestations, for I knew the vain, proud heart of the girl, and that to own herself disappointed, would seem to her humiliation and defeat.

I did not overlook the remembrance that her sisters had visited her, and brought back glowing accounts of her felicity; but, then, a fine house and large establishment made up their estimate of a happy marriage; and so long as everything seemed smooth and courteous between the pair, they would never look further or deeper. Howbeit, here was Isabel's counter-statement:

"Dear Aunt Sarah," ran the letter, "will you leave home, and come and stay with us for a time? The house is quiet; the summer is in its glory; and it will be such a pleasure to me. Do come in spite of obstacles, for I am unhappy, and want to consult you. To whom else can I look?"

So, though I felt it rather hard to leave my pretty cottage and flower-garden, at the pleasantest season of the year, and still more so, to break off my old ways and habits of life, which fitted me there like a glove, I resolved to lose no time in obeying Isabel's summons, for I was very anxious about her. I thought some conjugal crisis must have occurred, or she would never have dropped the veil. I knew Mr. Lorimer so slightly that I had little ground for speculation, so far as he was personally concerned; but I knew that Isabel had married from *respect*, she said; and I could not help remembering how, even with the solemn nuptial vows in her ear, and enunciated, too, with a tremulous passion, she had turned her graceful head from altar and priest to mark the ample flow of her satin drapery and costly veil. Some might have called it a charming *naïveté*; but it did not seem so to me, nor was I one of those who fondled and praised her—her husband among the rest—for the clear, calm tones in which she had spoken her own responses. It did not like it; there was depth enough in Isabel's nature to have made her forget her bridal-suit, and to have stifled in whispers her bell-like voice, had her heart been true to her words. When I looked from her husband's flushed face and eyes, which glowed when they fell upon her, to her cool cheek and smiling lips, I made an old woman's inward augury of ill: "Hot love soon grows cold," said I to myself; "and she, poor child, is not in love at all. God grant the flame may never break out of bounds!" To speak truly, the last was my present fear. I was not afraid of any outward compromise of Isabel's duty, for I relied upon the self-restraint of her character and her pride of position; but had she discovered that she was capable of loving as she never had loved, and that the object of that love was not her husband?—that a blessedness once possible, was now in sight, but out of reach forever? Then, again, came back the consolatory reflection, that she never would have owned it; pride and shame would have sent her silent to the grave; and my heart ached involuntarily as I conceived that burning grief devouring her in secret.

At all events, I would go. The very same day I received Isabel's letter saw my arrangements complete; and the evening post carried her a letter stating at what hour they might send to meet me at their railway station. Then I put on my bonnet, and made the best of my way to the city, to tell her family of my visit, and receive their commissions.

It was a sultry evening in the burning of July, and the heat, dust, and turmoil of the metropolis struck me oppressively. The cross of St. Paul's flamed in the rays of a blazing sun; the gay display of summer fashions in the adjacent windows looked dry and eclipsed in the unmitigated light; a fine one put by, half in pity, half in disgust, drooping, scentless roses thrust upon the citizen by the importunate flower-girls. I found my brother's warehouse in full activity; he himself was paying commercial court to some important customer in one of the long narrow aisles formed by bales of goods, which fronted the public door by which I had entered. He saw me at once, and directed me to await his leisure in his private counting-house with an air of undisguised astonishment at my appearance. When he joined me, I told him briefly why I had come, for it was long since Robert and I had been on affectionate terms. He stared highly amused at the idea of going to Ion Leas.

"Why, what can Isabel want with you, Sarah—a quiet, dull, old soul like you? No offence, I hope; but you must steer yourself; besides, you will be like a flaw of water in their grand house and with their fine ways. You have no notion of the style they live in?"

I said quietly: "If I had not, it was from no want of information on the subject, that I had every confidence that I should commit myself in his daughter's house;" and then I went up stairs to see her sisters.

It was the same story over again—unbounded surprise and witless conjecture; had to listen for the hundredth time to a recital of "how things were done at Morton's," and they seemed to share their father's apprehension that I should find this splendor quite too much for me. As they had no instruction to give beyond an entreaty to write and tell them "how it all struck me at first sight," and how I got on with Mr. Lorimer," I was soon back again on my homeward way.

How it all struck me at first sight well remember! A heavy storm in the morning had cooled the air and laid the dust, and after the restraint of my journey, I enjoyed inly the unaccustomed luxury of reclining my ease in a luxurious carriage as it rolled rapidly over well-kept roads through the noble plantations I had heard were Mr. Lorimer's especial pride. How exquisitely the slender pines of the trees stood out against the rose amber of the sky; how gratefully the eye rested on their stately layers of green shade! Now a squirrel darted into momentary view which was a charming vision to my citified sight, as were also the mercurial rabbits that every point appeared and vanished with incredible swiftness.

"You can see the house now, ma'am, through the trees," said the coachman, civilly turning round to indicate it. I could, and grand old place it seemed to me—grander even than my tutored expectations. I don't know what style or of what date it was; its ample front looked to me like the facade of a Greek temple, only the Portland stone was reddened with age, and was almost covered with a close but close-cut growth of ivy, interminglingwith the graceful festoons of the Virginia creer. On the broad terrace on which the front rested, I recognized the figures of my host and hostess, which so occupied my mind, that I received but a very general impression of anyher external object.

I was just conscious of a green lawn stretching its velvet plain beyond my range of sight—of an antique flower-garden glowing in vivid dyes, and breathing a perfume exquisitely sweet and delicate—of the park beyond the distant fence, and the deer peeping tidily between the slender rails.

I could not help the reflection that Mr. Lorimer's mercantile connection must indeed be on a colossal and remunerative scale, to have permitted him in early life to make himself the possessor of so fine an estate.

I was so eager to get my first glimpse of Isabel, that I was on the point of overlooking the courtesy of my host, who came down the steps to hand me from the carriage. He spoke to me so kindly that I wondered at my former impression of his coldness and stiffness.

"I am so truly pleased to see you here at last," he said; "and so, you may be sure, is Isabel."

Silly old woman as I was, I was looking out for some indication how matters stood between them, and I fancied I could detect a change from the cordiality of his tone the moment he mentioned his wife's name. He led me up to where she stood smiling to receive me, and placed my hand in hers.

"I hope," he added, "you will be able to enjoy yourself with us; and then, as he considered his duty done, he turned and went into the house.

He had not looked at Isabel as he spoke, or he could not have failed to have seen in her eyes a wistful expression, which touched me deeply, for it seemed to plead for his notice; and he went away without a word, which surely would not have been the case if cordiality and affection subsisted between them.

I turned and gazed at Isabel, who stood watching me attentively, and still holding my hand in hers, precisely as her husband had placed it.

"Why, child, how beautiful you have grown!" I said, involuntarily; "and how stately stands the queen of this fair demesne! What! not a word or a kiss for the old aunt-mother?"

In a moment, her lovely arms were round my neck, and she was showering kisses upon me. I was affected by the convulsive pressure of her embrace, and the speechlessness of her emotion, and I tried to release myself playfully.

"Just as of old, reckless of finery!" said. "Alas! for my new cloak and bonnet. Take me up stairs, my dear, and show me the children."

Thereupon, suddenly composed, she drew out from behind her, with a charming gesture, a pretty snowdrop of a child, who had been clinging timidly to her dress, amidst the ample folds of which she had hitherto been effectually concealed.

"Here is one of my darlings; Lily I call her, because she is so white. The other is asleep. But come; I keep you standing: we will show Aunt Sarah her room."

She caught up the child in her arms—lithe and tall, the weight seemed of no account to her—and preceded me up stairs with such a firm yet light step, that I followed her movements with admiration. How the promise of the girl had fulfilled itself in the woman! She had always been exquisitely pretty, but her beauty seemed to me to have a higher character now. She had quite recovered her composure, and, staying with me while I dressed for dinner, asked me a hundred questions concerning her old home and family. I could see she was afraid of my taking the initiative, but I had no idea of being so premature.

The reader of an old woman's story will readily excuse all superfluous detail. I must not describe trifles with the minuteness of a three-volumed novel. Suffice it, all around me proved that wealth and good taste had combined to give my Isabel a home that should have been an elysium; and that before the first dinner hour was over, I was convinced that Mr. Lorimer had survived his love for his wife, and regarded her no longer but as an elegant appendage to his house and table. I saw, too, that Isabel was miserable beneath her cold and indifferent demeanor (good heavens! how every trace of the impulsive, self-confident girl seemed vanished!) but the cause of the husband's coldness and the wife's disappointment I could not guess. With whom lay the blame? We were not alone at the table. I found that Mrs. Vivian, Mr. Lorimer's only sister, was a guest as well as myself. This lady did not please me at all; her manners were at once haughty and careless, and it almost seemed to me that in her attentive solicitude for her brother, to whom all her conversation was addressed, and her measured civilities to Isabel, there was a lurking insult to the latter, which must inevitably make itself felt. Mr. Lorimer himself was an admirable host, so kind and skillful in his kindness, that even I, predisposed to nervous shyness of him, soon felt at ease. Nor must it be supposed that there was any failure of outward respect towards his wife; he never avoided addressing her or referring to her opinion whenever it was natural to do so; but it was the averted or chilling look, the tones untouched by an accent of tenderness, from which I drew my conclusions. How different from the wedding-morning! thought I; ay, one part of the prophecy was fulfilled—the hot love was cold enough now.

I was very glad when dinner was over, and we rose to retire to the drawing-room, and still more so when Mrs. Vivian announced that she was under the painful necessity of leaving us for an hour or so, to make arrangements for her departure on the morrow.

I was very anxious now to question Isabel, but I found such was not her present intention.

"Let us go to the nursery," she said; "I always see the babies put to bed."

However, when we reached the nursery, we found the children asleep, for dinner had been later on my account, and the nurse was rigorous about extinguishing them at the appointed hour. I had feared Isabel would have been a careless mother; but as I watched her leaning over her babes, the tears gathering in her eyes as she gazed at them, I felt ashamed of my involuntary injustice. The baby lay in her bassinet—which was in that state of high toilet common now-a-days to these charming receptacles—with its cherub face flushed in healthy sleep, and one fat, rosy fist pushed against the tiny mouth. Lily, in her little white bed, pale and motionless, looked like some lovely piece of monumental sculpture. I saw some deep passionate feeling was welling up in Isabel's heart as she stood by her side, and presently turning from her, she dismissed the servants down stairs, saying to me, in a forced tone of carelessness:

"You and I, dear aunt, will keep watch for a little while. I like sometimes to spend a quiet hour with them thus."

We were hardly alone before her self-command gave way; she sank on her knees by the child's couch, and stifled sobs shook her from head to foot. I went gently up to her, and stroked the bowed head without speaking. My heart bled for her; I felt how bitter was the long suppressed anguish that was now finding vent.

"Come, dear child," I said, "let us sit down in this window-seat, and talk your troubles over. I am sure they are not irremediable."

She lifted up her wet, pale face with a bitter smile.

"I have but one trouble, and you have discovered it already—my husband does not love me!"

I saw she watched me feverishly, in half hope of a disclaimer, but I could not give it.

"There is some quarrel between you," I began soothingly—"some temporary alienation;" but she interrupted me decisively.

"Not so, Aunt Sarah—not so! It is confirmed indifference, the result, he would tell you, of my own heartlessness—hopeless indifference, for it is the hard cold of former heat!"

"Poor Isabel!" I said, "and you love him now?"

She stooped down and kissed Lily with concentrated passion.

"I would give this child of my heart to win back my husband," was the answer. "I would consent to lay her in her grave, if over that grave he would look as he used to look, and speak to me as he once spoke."

But I must not go over every spoken word, but tell in brief what Isabel told me in vehement detail. It may be other young wives may learn a caution from it.

She had married with a very superficial knowledge of her husband's character, after a brief acquaintance. He courted her from a position considerably higher than her own, which dazzled her ambition, added to which he was passionately in love with her, and worshipped at her footstool. It was a dangerous incense he offered. Isabel had many fine qualities, but her education had been unfortunate; she had always been greatly flattered and indulged in her own circle, and she took her lover's devotion as a matter of course, accepting as her right all his lavish liberality, and seeming to take it for granted, that nothing more was required of her than to be the gracious recipient of the tribute offered. Worse than all, she married without love, yet deceiving Mr. Lorimer with the impression that she loved him. I rather think she deceived herself, saying she had a great respect for him; that she loved him, she supposed, as much as she could love any man. Poor girl, vain, selfish, and ignorant of the world, she was weak enough to estimate her surrender at the exaggerated price her lover put upon it, and to believe the glamour would last!

But men soon wake up from these illusions; it is only for a time that a husband can deceive himself that he is loved, unless the wife be a consummate hypocrite, or he an unworldly fool. Mr. Lorimer continued to adore his beautiful young wife, until the first blindness of passion having cleared away, he began to perceive she was exacting and unresponsive.

"You cannot believe," said Isabel, "with what insane arrogance I acted. To be the supreme consideration, for my will to take precedence of his, was what I had expected and claimed, and it never occurred to me to feel grateful for his indulgence or to wonder at his forbearance; moreover, I did not love him then, and I began to weary of his attentions, to sicken of his perpetual companionship. I suppose I scarcely tried to hide my impatience, for I was so besotted, that I believed he must always love me.

"About this time, his sister, Mrs. Vivian, came first to stay with us, and I doubt not she stimulated her brother's awakening. Besides, Maurice is a proud man, with a sufficient sense of his own excellence and eligibility; and it was impossible for him, when he began to reflect, not to consider how much he had bestowed upon me, and that I had not even paid him with my love! I don't know how it was I was blind to the gradual change in my husband's manner, oblivious of the influence which was working against my happiness; but it was so. It was over Lily's cradle that I first awoke to a consciousness of my position. It had been a great disappointment to both of us that she was a girl, to me, I think, especially. One day, I was bewailing her sex very weakly, and felt surprised that he did not join in the lamentation.

"'Are not you disappointed too?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he said coldly, 'but my disappointment is irretrievable, and dates further back. Try and love your baby, Isabel, if you can.'

"These words fell upon me like a thunderbolt; I suddenly saw my whole conduct in its true light, and in all its consequences; but it was too late! From the moment I was forced to realize the idea that he had ceased to love me, I received a vivid conviction of the value of his love. I came down from my seclusion to find him, as you see him now, coldly considerate, punctiliously attentive; but he no longer sought my society, or welcomed my coming with smiles.

"I cannot tell you the effect this change had upon my wayward heart; besides, it seemed dreadful not to be loved by one's husband. In my turn, I began to love him passionately, to wait upon his words, to court his attention, even to solicit his endearments, for his coldness maddened me. Perhaps I might have succeeded if we had been left alone, but Caroline Vivian was always with us. Her presence and influence ruined everything. Previously, she had seen my husband's devotion and my neglect at their full, and no doubt all she had said to him then of his blindness and my worthlessness, was bearing now its abundant fruit. I could not endure her to see how our position was reversed and what I was suffering. I could not sue, for her to see me rejected; and during the months she stayed with us, I tried to act my former part as closely as possible. So mad was I in my false pride, that I have sacrificed the happiness of all my life to it. I succeeded so well in this miserable game, that I deceived both him and her. I left them constantly to their own society, while I was thirsting for one hour of his. I rode, drove, visited, according to my own convenience and leisure. I consulted my husband's inclinations less than in former times. I justly laid myself open to Caroline's interference and reproaches, but I would not bear them. Violent scenes followed, until Maurice himself silenced her. He wanted no champion of his happiness, he said; expostulation and reproach would not transform my nature, or give him the wife he had expected—no third person could lighten the lot he had to bear. The night Caroline went away, I threw myself at his feet—I besought him to love me—to believe that I loved him. Men are not impulsive, inconsistent, demonstrative, like us, and he could not understand such conduct. He called it caprice, policy, hypocrisy—said I had worn out his regard; reminded me of this and that—careless words, selfish actions, which I had forgotten, but he had brooded over in silent bitterness and disappointment. Alas! alas! how black the catalogue appeared!

"The tale is nearly told out, Aunt Sarah. Since then, things have gone on worse and worse. His propriety and coldness have been always the same, while my conduct has been actuated by passion, grief, and resentment, perpetually at strife. By turns, I am regretful and disdainful, reproachful and imploring. I love him now as he never loved me. His patience and temperance appear to me admirable in the midst of my misery, for the uncertainty of my temper, and the discomfort of our relations, embitter his life. Caroline has been once more our guest for the last week or two; and perhaps now her presence does good, for it forces me to a measure of quiet and consistency.

"To-morrow, my husband leaves me for Glasgow on important affairs. I half think everything is not going right in his business connection, but he never talks on the subject, only he looks harassed beyond his wont. He said he might be a month or two absent; and so, Aunt Sarah, as my misery was getting intolerable, I thought I would send for you. Now, what comfort have you to give me?"

Poor Isabel! I could but clasp her in my arms, and try to soothe her by my affection. What chance she had of regaining the happiness she had so recklessly squandered, I felt very incompetent to decide, owing to my slight knowledge of Mr. Lorimer's character, and his immediate departure would preclude the possibility of my forming a judgment. "But, my dearest child," I argued, "one thing appears to me absolutely certain, that a man like your husband, with quick perceptions and sensibility, can never resist the influence of your love and duty, if you will but try and regulate their exercise. You must earn his respect, constrain his affection, and time must give you the victory. Prove yourself worthy to be loved, Isabel, and he will love you."

"I cannot wait," said Isabel, clasping her hands; "I want it at once—to-morrow—now! I shall never win it on system. But it grows dark, dear aunt; we must go down stairs. Come with me to my dressing-room till I can find nerve and composure to meet them again."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

OUR TITSIE.

BY J. CRAWFORD WILSON.

A strange heading—a strange title, a strange name—no, scarcely a name. "Titsie" was a term of endearment—a Letitia in long clothes—a sweet child—the youngest of twelve—upon whom our accumulated loves was heaped; the baby every elder sister or brother tended most tenderly—our mother's darling—our father's pet; a dear, flaxen-headed beauty was Titsie, and verily the female Benjamin of our family.

Titsie was barely four years old, and yet had her short life been a long one—for she was a weakly child, and with her tender constitution had all the ills hereditary to children taken strange liberties. Teething was with her a weary, painful process of longer duration, and accompanied with more pain than generally falls to the lot of infants. Vaccination also dealt hardly with her; for whether the fault lay with the surgeon or his glasses, or whether in her own blood, we knew not; but this we knew, that our smiling, uncomplaining Titsie, had to undergo the operation many times before any effect was produced; and when at length successful, the infection seized upon her so eagerly, that the disease it was intended to forestall could scarcely have been more severe in its results. Hooping-cough next fastened on her as a violent attack of measles was receding, and the tortured, patient darling writhed beneath it, until at times all strength failed her, and she fell back nerveless and helpless and tearless, save with those forced from her by exertion; and through them, as though Pain were her playmate, would she smile, sadly—yet sweetly—a child's smile, such in itself a stray gleam of the heart's sunshine that flitted winsomely around her moistened lips.

"Titsie" as a baby had we called her, and as "Our Titsie" was she only known among us. I question much whether her proper name, "Letitia," had ever been pronounced by a single member of our numerous family, saving only when the necessary instructions were being given to the curate of our church in her baptism, wherein her godfathers and godmothers—like your godfathers and godmothers, gentle reader, and mine—promised and vowed three things in her name, and then gave her a rattle and a spoon, and forgot that they had ever vowed *one* thing, much less *three*. *Sic transit, &c., &c.*

The day of Titsie's birth was an auspicious one, for a few moments after her first puny call gladdened the ears of her mother, the quick ear of the nurse detected another cry, weaker by far than Titsie's, that seemed to proceed from the wardrobe in the corner of the room. Thither she hied her with all haste, and yet with due decorum—on tip toe—and there, in our mother's best bonnet, the bed made softer by the presence of her best black veil, lay another mother and daughter—our Pussy, and her solitary kitten—the former looking up imploringly into the stolid face of the angry nurse, and the latter helplessly bobbing its little blind head about in search of the sustenance that Nature—that great head of the world's commissariat—never fails in providing "for man and beast."

Our Pussy's offspring ere long had *her* sponsors also, for the younger members of the family went loquaciously and somewhat systematically to work, and forthwith sprinkled and christened her. Many times had the poor unoffending kitten to shake the drops from her head, before the ceremony was deemed complete; but when at length all parties were agreed, and each had in turn officiated, the much-mawled, disgusted little kitten toddled off with the name of "Tittens."

And Titsie grew, and was weak, whilst Tittens fed and waxed strong; and forasmuch as there was added to this world's consumers of food, on one and the same day, an infant and a kitten, our Pussy and her sleek-coated, frolicsome daughter grew daily into favor, and Titsie and Tittens were as foster-sisters together.

Now Titsie was four years old, and in the calm summer's evening, watching the glorious sunset, she lay propped by pillows on a couch that faced the window; and at her head was her constant companion, singing a lullaby in her own language, and watching with evident anxiety every simple movement of the sick child.

"My Tittens!" said the faded darling, lifting her hand to her little head, and pushing aside the silky hair that partly shadowed her eyes.

"Mier-ow-ow," responded the sometime kitten (now grown into a sensible, handsome cat—herself a grandmother), at the same moment rising to her feet at the child's call, and placing herself in the posture so ably illustrated by the artist, who sketched the cat recognising its own likeness in the sheen of Messrs. Day and Martin's polished boots.

But not in the same spirit did Tittens execute *her* performance. Oh, no! for having stretched herself a moment afterwards to her fullest extent, and made the assurance that her claws were still sharp—"doubly sure," by half tearing the chintz covering off the couch—she noiselessly, and almost imperceptibly, glided to the side of the child, and there extending herself—with her face close to that of Titsie, and her eyes looking into her face, she purred her sympathy, rubbing her damp but honest nose from time to time to her flushed cheeks, and winking incontinently in the exuberance of her own delight.

And Titsie loved Tittens—and the affection was known to be reciprocated.

And between the child and the brute there existed a sympathy that drew each closer to the other. And the cat fed at the child's hand, and the child smiled at the cat's fastidiousness, and at the precautions she exercised before each morsel she took—surveying it leisurely, and smelling it—as is the wise habit of its species—before she honored the donor by accepting it.

But time travelled onwards—and the days grew shorter—and the breath of evening became chilly—and the twilight less inviting—and the limbs of our angelic Titsie forgot their functions, almost before they had learned their duty. And she never now left the couch except to be carried to her bed; and ever there was Tittens before her, anxiously examining the process of disrobing, and alternately lifting her fore-paws in quick succession, and purring her recognition of her own high office.

We were all kind to our young sister, and each one vied with the others in endeavoring to cheer her, and win from her the laugh that was so much rarer than the smile—but with all her amiability the task of attending to us was at times too great. And upon such occasions, as in fact all others, she would turn from us with a "By-bye now" to the silent companionship of her faithful Tittens, and there, with a wasted arm coiled round the silky neck of her passive friend, fade away into a slumber, as enervating as it was troubled.

"But where," some of my tender-hearted juvenile readers may ask—"where was Titsie's mother all this while?" To them I must whisper tearfully, "Titsie's mother was dead—dead nearly three years." Titsie was an orphan; and in consequence of the demands made by business upon her father's time, Titsie had no one to look over her but us—we, her sisters and brothers—we that loved her almost better than ourselves—we, that she loved with a silent love, that was equalled only by the sweet resignation of her spirit, and surpassed alone by her firm affection for the unselfish Tittens. Our father lived in her almost, when at home—and when absent, there was ever one spot about his heart where the thoughts of his suffering orphan were sacred to her memory. Oh! how that large strong man, with the mind sufficiently firm to grapple with and overcome worldly difficulties, would hang over the couch of our sickly sister, when the business of the day permitted him to seek his home. To what tender tones would his commanding voice be modulated as he questioned the sufferer, time after time, to receive as his only answer the thrilling—

"Better, pa, dear; better—and so happy now with you—with you and Tittens." And then in his large bony hands would he lift her—lift her as though he feared that a touch would crush the tiny thing, and, almost jealous of the affection of her dumb companion, press her, pillow and all, to his manly bosom, and whisper kind words of endearment to her through hardly repressed tears.

And there was jealousy always at such times at work at our quiet fireside. The father jealous of the cat, and the cat of the father; for no sooner would he take his fragile darling to his breast than Tittens would be on the ground rubbing herself against his feet, and between his legs, to the total annihilation of anything like equilibrium, and every now and then looking up into his face, and calling for the restitution of her foster-sister. But at times he would be doubly pained, and feel as though there was no place left for him in his little daughter's heart. Such was always the case the moment he seated himself with her; for even with the act, Tittens would be on his knee, her cold nose rubbing itself against his warm hand, as though she solicited all his care and tenderness for their mutual pet; and Titsie would feebly laugh; and the laugh, child-like and feeble though it were, would go with a pang to the father's soul—for in it he read less of pleasure at his tenderness than of delight at her recognition of the constant attention of her mute friend.

Titsie was a silent thoughtful child, rarely given to much prattling, and beyond a doubt possessed of a very active brain. Whilst yet a babe, the neighbors were wont to remark that she took great notice; and as she progressed in days (for it would be almost a mockery to count her life by years), the fact became vividly apparent. The questions she at times would put to her elder sisters and brothers would often pose them—nay, challenge the explanations of her father himself. Whilst awaiting a reply, the fixed, thoughtful expression of her eyes used to impart to her features a degree of age almost incredible, as though Time had cast the shadow of the future over her countenance, or heaped upon it for a moment all the cares of riper years.

And so she lived—dying—day after day rendering the frail blossom more frail, and making the father's evening burthen lighter and more light; and her eyes became brighter, and her cheeks paler, and her voice weaker; and at times there was an expression about her face that spoke of some sweet, silent communion—perhaps with the enfranchised spirit of her dead mother.

Of late, her father—grown trebly jealous of her young love—had her little cot removed from her eldest sister's room to his own, and there, with a night light burning, in case the universal Messenger that calls but once should arrive and find him sleeping, he for many nights had taken a labored rest seated in the nursing chair of his darling's departed mother. If for a moment he moved, or bent over her cot (as though a spirit of eternal watchfulness inhabited her), he would meet—whatever the point he viewed her from—the gaze of her full bright eyes, a smile at the same time hovering round her lips, and always—always—the reiterated request:

"Go to sleep, pa, dear; Tittens can take care of Titsie."

And then the conscious cat would commence her monotonous lullaby, drawing herself even closer still to her young charge; whilst the father would retire within himself, and sit for hours wakeful and thoughtful, with his eyes fixed upon the—all but—motionless figures of the cot's occupants.

One night, when the elements battled as though the end of the world and all created things drew nigh, he was aroused from an uneasy slumber by the proximity of some strange body to his face. It was the cat, who, having gained his attention, sprang again to the ground, and from thence into the cot, in which —fully revealed by a vivid flash of lightning—the child sat erect; her eyes fixed, not fearfully, but inquisitively, upon the closed shutters, through the interstices of which the coruscant glare preceding each fearful peal made itself awfully apparent. The father sprang in a moment towards the window, to draw the curtains and shut out from his loved one even the shadows of a scene that might make strong hearts tremble; but he was arrested midway by her soft voice, saying,

"Open the shutters, pa, dear; and take me in your arms, so that I may see the storm."

And the father, folding her carefully in a blanket, lifted her from the cot, and having opened the shutters without a murmur, seated himself beside the window, resting her little head against his bosom.

Flash succeeded flash in quick succession, and volley after volley seemed to be discharged by Heaven's dread artillery, and Titsie looked, and trembled not; but merely sighed, as though she had endeavored to solve a question and failed in the attempt.

"Are you not tired, my little pet?" asked her father, after they had sat for nearly half an hour in silence. "Do you not fear that you may take cold?"

"No, pa, dear," replied the child; and then, after a pause, she continued, without changing her position, "Is it not a very bad thing to be wicked and die, pa, dear?"

"It is, indeed, my own sweet Titsie."

"Mamma was good always—when she died, and before?"

The feelings of the father were not proof; the question unmanned him—that is, if the fact of dropping a silent tear in memory of a departed angel might so be construed.

"She was, indeed, my child," he sobbed—"always, always. Why do you ask?"

"Because, pa, dear, I have been thinking that God must be very angry with some people to-night, for I have been listening to His great loud voice—but it did not frighten *me;* and I have been looking at the fiery writing He has been scribbling on the sky. Can you read it, pa, dear?"

"No, my love," replied he, amazed and startled at the child's question.

"I should like to be able to read it very much," she continued. "Mamma understands it, for she is up there, behind the black clouds, where the lights seem brightest."

"Yes, mamma is there," replied the father, avoiding a question he knew not how to answer.

"I shall soon be able to read it too, for I am going there to meet her."

There was a long pause, during which, as the storm had in part subsided, the attentive Tittens took courage, and mounted, with her usual noiseless step and musical accompaniment, to her master's knee. In a moment the arm of the sick child was round her neck, and as her hand came in contact with that of her father, she took it gently and laid it upon the back of the quiescent puss. He humored her, and, almost for the first time, with his eyes fixed upon the gratified expression evident in the child's face, stroked her sleek coat gently, and forgot affections divided.

"You will go to Heaven, pa, dear, won't you, if you are good?" demanded Titsie, abruptly.

"All that are good go there, my love."

"Then Tittens is good—*very* good to me, pa; won't she come too?"

The father felt a choking sensation in his throat; he could not reply. The soul of the dying man was blent up, as it were, with her dumb companion. He could not, for the life of him, say "No!" (Reader, do you blame him?)

Shortly afterwards he placed her again in her cot, and retired to his chair, not to try and solve, but to wonder at her questions.

A day or two later, and there was sorrow in our house; Tittens daily left her charge at stated times (for she exercised the privilege of her species, and paid sundry visits to the kitchen and larder if left open) for the purpose of getting her legitimate meals from her friend the Cook. Upon this occasion, in the absence of her caterer, she had mounted on a shelf—the highest in the larder, upon which, and beneath a cover, lay the remnants of two plump pheasants. Tittens had never learned the Eighth Commandment; and in consequence of this great defect in her moral education never felt any compunctions of conscience, so always appropriated to her own use whatever she deemed most palatable, yet ever with a due amount of discretion refraining from her attack in the presence of witnesses. So matters stood; nobody by, puss on the shelf, and the cover half off the tempting game, when Cookey entered. Now, cat though she were, Tittens well knew that she was poaching, and with this knowledge working on her mind, and the wholesome fear of the Cook's heavy hand, she made a spring from the shelf in order to escape; but even as she made the spring, her feet slipped upon the polished dish-cover, and she fell to the ground, crippled. Her back was sprained, and there, crying piteously, lay the poor dumb animal, her hind legs paralysed by the accident, and incapable of the slightest action.

So unlooked for, so painful was the scene, that even Cookey felt for her, and her uplifted hand, elevated in the striking attitude, became fixed for a moment, and then descended, quietly and softly as a snow-flake, upon the sufferer's head. Nothing was heard but the voices of pity. "Poor pussey! poor Tittens!" and "what will become of our Titsie when she hears it?" were the most current questions and ejaculations. Meanwhile the injured puss was laid on a blanket beside the fire, and every means resorted to for her restoration; but in vain. Her cries became less frequent, and a film seemed to gather over her eyes, and the dairy-maid—an oracle in such matters—asserted openly, that "her goose was cooked." (I trust that the reader will pardon the vulgarity of the remark, but as a true narrator of facts I give quotations verbatim, or not at all.)

Now, on the evening of the same day, a visible change for the worse came over our dear little Titsie. On my father's return from his business, the accident that had befallen the crippled Tittens was made known to him. He looked aghast at the intelligence, and before he sought his child, bent over the body of the dying cat. The scene was an affecting one. "What!" he said, rubbing his hair down towards his forehead, whilst an expression of utter vacancy for a moment crossed his face. "What, Tittens too! and *she* loved her so. Shall I have nothing left me to remind me of my Titsie. No Titsie left me to unite me in memory to her sainted mother! Both go—and at once! poor, poor pussy! I was only jealous of you whilst *she* lived. I should have made you the happiest of pusseys when she was gone." And then bending over the almost expiring cat, he wept and sobbed aloud.

A few moments more found us all congregated round the bed of our little angel. The puny flame of life was flickering in its wasted socket. Death paused ere he extinguished it—and there she lay trembling and smiling between earth and heaven. My father knelt over her, and prayed and wept. Yet she spoke not; her little heart scarcely beat; her eyelids were half-closed; and everything bespoke approaching dissolution. We all addressed her in turns, but her only response was a heavenly smile—even the voice of my father failed to arouse her. In tears we knelt, believing that every respiration would be her last, and waiting until Heaven would have reclaimed its own. Suddenly, we were all startled by a quick action, on her part, as though she had heard something hidden from our ears; her eyes opened, and looked eagerly in the direction of the partially closed door, whilst her hand sought vainly for the companion of her lonely hours. Her wish was in a moment understood, and my father was the first to say, "Tittens—she wants poor Tittens." But ere he could speak further, there came from the foot of the bed the well-known, but now feeble, call of the cat,

"Mier-ow-ow."

The poor animal lay there, as she had crawled from the kitchen—her hind legs still nerveless and stretched behind her as though broken. There was life in a moment, and energy in the child's face, at the cry of her dumb foster sister, and she too—like one arisen from the dead—feebly raised her head, and muttered, "Tittens! my Tittens!"

My father in a moment lifted the wounded cat tenderly, and laid her by the side of his child. As he did so, she smiled—oh, such a smile—into his tearful face. He raised her arm gently, and placed it round the neck of the dumb sufferer, who, crawling a little closer still to her dear mistress, commenced, for the last time, her purring song. The child's hand drew its head nearer to her still; but the song suddenly cessed, and even as it did, her own eyes closed in an eternal sleep, and there Titsie and Tittens lay dead together.

Anecdote of Baron Steuben.—On one occasion, after Arnold's treason, the baron was on parade at roll-call, when the detested name, Arnold, was heard in one of the infantry companies of the Connecticut line. The baron immediately called the unfortunate possessor to the front of the company. He was a perfect model for his profession; clothes, arms and equipments in the most perfect order. The practised eye of the baron soon scanned the soldier, and 'call at my marquee, after you are dismissed, brother soldier,' was his only remark. After Arnold was dismissed from parade, he called at the baron's quarters as directed. The baron said to him, 'You are too fine a soldier to bear the name of a traitor—change it at once—change it at once.'—'But what name shall I take?' replied Arnold.—'Any that you please, any that you please; take mine, if you cannot suit yourself better; mine is at your service.' Arnold at once agreed to the proposition, and immediately repaired to his orderly, and Jonathan *Steuben* forthwith graced the company roll, in lieu of the disgraced name of him who had plotted treason to his country."—*Kopp's Life of Steuben.*

The Jamaica Negroes.—"'Halloo, old fellow! how about that bath?' I said one morning, to a lad who had been commissioned to see a bath filled for me. He was cleaning boots at the time, and went on with his employment, sedulously, as though he had not heard a word. But he was over sedulous, and I saw that he heard me.—'I say, how about that bath?' I continued. But he did not move a muscle. 'Put down those boots, sir,' I said, going up to him; 'and go and do as I bid you.'—'Who do you call feller? You speak to a gen'lman gen'lmanly, and den he fill de bath.'—'James,' said I, 'might I trouble you to leave those boots, and see the bath filled for me?' and I bowed to him.—''Es, sir,' he answered, returning my bow; 'go at once.' And so he did, perfectly satisfied. Had he imagined, however, that I was quizzing him, in all probability he would not have gone at all."—*A. Trollope's Jamaica.*

Question for a Debating Society.—The question before the meeting is this:—If a fellow—what is a fellow—and his gal—are about to be parted for a time—and they propose to exchange daguerreotypes, and for that purpose the feller goes into a daguerreotype shop—and is to pay for having the "pictures took," and he has only money enough to pay for one picture in a magnificent case—and one picture in an ordinary case—which picture should be put in the magnificent case—his own ugly mug or hern? Would it be gallant in him to put her mug in the ugly case? Would it be jinerous in him to put his mug in the ugly case which she is to keep? That's the question before the meeting.

A Neighborly Correspondence. — "Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his pigs from trespassing on his grounds."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that, in future, he will not spell pigs with two *gees.*"

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he add the letter E to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's letter *suspected*—the impertinence it contains being only equalled by its vulgarity."

GOODBYE.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

The wind blows freshly out to sea—
The white sails flutter unconfined—
One word to those I leave behind
And I will go unfalteringly;
Goodbye!
Thus cheerful let our parting be!

I go to sunnier lands than this,
Where all things fair and radiant seem—
Where I shall walk as in a dream
Of Nature's rarest perfectness;
Goodbye!
There breath is balm, and life is bliss!

Yet shall I almost grieve, that there
In that most rare and glorious clime,
I lose our Northern winter-time,
Whitening with snowflakes all the air—
Goodbye!
You will behold it, white and fair!

When stern December chills the sea,
And by the mighty winds led forth,
The storms come hurrying from the North—
I know how you will think of me;
Goodbye!
How lost and distant I shall be!

Seen from my dear old window there,
How the white gusts will drive and whirl!
While, crusting all the walls with pearl,
The sleet comes slanting through the air;—
Goodbye!
Then I shall be far otherwhere!

But though I linger long away,
I know the few who prize my name,
Will trust and love me all the same,
And hold me as they do to-day.
Goodbye!
Say it not mournfully, I pray!

And if, in wreath and treachery,
The ocean from its trust departs,
Bury me softly in your hearts
Forever.—But I shall not die;
Goodbye:
Love me, and pray for me, Goodbye!

New York, Nov., 1859. —*Portland Transcript.*

Axe for Ask.—It is quite common for the lower order of Londoners to use the word *axe* for *ask.* There are a few persons in this country who do it, and are, of course, subject to queers. *Axing* pardon of the sneerers, I have to say that there is very good authority for the supposed vulgar change. The learned Dr. John Clerk, in a letter to Cardinal Wolsey wrote,—"The King axed after your grace's welfare;" and, in a letter from the Countess of Richmond and Derby, to her son, during the reign of that miserly old scamp, Henry VII., I find written—"as herty blessings as ye can axe of God." So here we have both clerical and noble precedents, and before such authority it is to be hoped the critics will most profoundly perform the *Kow-tow.*—*New York Courier.*

Nice Pronunciation.—A clergyman not thirty miles from Boston, who was noted for his affected pronunciation, went to a shoemaker and engaged a pair of boots to be made.

A few days after, he called and inquired if they were ready, and was answered in the negative.

"Will they be ready by next Chewsday?" asked the clergyman.

"No," said the shoemaker, "but you shall have them by next *Chatterday.*"

DRESS AND ITS VICTIMS.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

There are a good many people who cannot possibly believe that dress can have any share in the deaths of the 100,000 persons who go needlessly to the grave every year even in happy England, where there are more means of comfort for everybody than in any other country in Europe.

How can people be killed by dress, now-a-days? they ask. We must be thinking of the old times when the ladies laced so tight that "salts and strong waters" seem to have been called for to some fainting fair one, as often as numbers were collected together, whether at church, or at Ranelagh, or the theatres. Or perhaps we are thinking of the accidents that have happened during particular fashions of dress, as the burning of the Marchioness of Salisbury, from her high cap nodding over the candle; or the deaths of the Ladies Bridgeman last year, from the skirts of one of them catching fire at the grate; or the number of inquests held during the fashion of gigot-sleeves, when a lady could scarcely dine in company, or play the piano at home, without peril of death by fire.

Perhaps it may be the heavy, towering headdresses of the last century we may be thinking of, bringing in a crowd of bad symptoms, headaches, congestions, fits, palsies, with the fearful remedies of bleeding and reducing, which we read of in medical books, and in gossiping literature, like Horace Walpole's correspondence. Or we may even be thinking of the barbaric fashion of painting the face, neck, and hands, at one time carried on to the excess of enamelling the skin. That was not at so very remote a time; for I have heard from the lips of witnesses what it was like; and a friend of mine, yet living, can tell what she saw at a concert where a lady sat before her with a pair of broad shoulders which looked like tawny marble—as smooth, as shining, and as little like anything human. These shoulders were once enamelled, and may have looked white in their day; but no life-long pains to renew their whiteness would serve after a certain lapse of time; and there they were, hopeless, tawny, and the quality of the skin destroyed. The poisonings by means of cosmetics we read of in the history of past centuries, may have been sometimes intentional; but there was plenty of unconscious poisoning besides.

We do not, however, mean any of these things when we speak of dress, in connection with preventible mortality.

Perhaps I may be supposed to be referring to the notoriously afflicted and short-lived classes of milliners and slop-workers who are worn out and killed off in the cause of dress. No; I am not now going to bring forward their case, because it comes under a different head. At this moment I am not thinking of either the political economy or the general morality of the dress-question, or I should bring up the group of suicides who have perished, some from hopeless poverty, some from intolerable degradation, and some from the embarrassment of gambling debts incurred for the sake of dress.

If the secrets of the city were known, we might hear of more tragedies than the theatres show, from the spread of gambling among women, and especially among servant-girls and shop-women, who have been carried beyond bounds by the extravagant fashion of the day. But I am not speaking of suicides, nor of the victims of the needle, whose case is too grave to be treated lightly, and whose day of deliverance, too, is at hand, if the sewing-machine is the reality it appears—and not a phantom—cheating the hopes of thousands. We may possibly look into that another time. Meanwhile our business is with the injurious and sometimes murderous effect of dress which we see worn every day.

It will not seem so wonderful that the familiar clothing of our neighbors and ourselves may be of such importance when we remember the explanations of physicians—that dress may, and usually does, affect the condition and action of almost every department of the human frame;—the brain and nervous system, the lungs, the stomach, and other organs of the trunk; the eyes, the skin, the muscles, the glandular system, the nutritive system, and even the bony frame, the skeleton on which all hangs. If dress can meddle mischievously with the action, or affect the condition of all these, it can be no marvel that it is responsible for a good many of the hundred thousand needless deaths which are happening around us this year.

Putting aside the ordinary associations, as far as we can, and trying for the moment to consider what is to be desired in the clothing of the human body—what is requisite to make dress good and beautiful—let us see what is essential.

Dress should be a covering to all the parts of the body which need warmth or coolness, as the case may be. It should be a shelter from the evils of the atmosphere, whether these be cold, or heat, or wet, or damp, or glare. This is the first requisite; for such shelter is the main purpose of clothing. In our own country the dress should easily admit of the necessary changes in degrees of warmth demanded by our changeable climate.

Dress should bear a close relation to the human form. No other principle can be permanent; no other can be durably sanctioned by sense and taste, because no other has reality in it. We may fancy that we admire the old Greek and Roman robes which look dignified in Julius Cæsar on the stage, and in statues, and in our own imaginations of classical times; but we could not get through our daily business in such a costume; nor should we admire the appearance of our acquaintance in it. In fact, the wearers themselves were always tucking up or putting away their troublesome wrappers when they had anything to do, and the busy people of society appeared in their workshops and fields in garments which left their limbs free, and their whole body fit for action. On the whole, in a general way, with particular variations according to taste, the dress should follow the outline of the body. Any great deviation from this principle involves inconvenience on the one hand and deformity on the other.

Where it follows the outline of the frame it should fit accurately enough to fulfill its intention, but so easily as not to embarrass action. It should neither compress the internal structure nor impede the external movement. An easy fit, in short, is the requisite. It is a part of this easy fit that the weight of the clothes should be properly hung and distributed.

After the peace of 1815 it was said that we gained two things from the French—gloves that would fit, and the shoulder-piece. It would make the difference of some lives out of the great number thrown away, if we made due use of the shoulder-piece, now. By the shoulder-piece, the weight of the garment is spread on the part best fitted to bear it, instead of being hung from the neck, as it was before we knew better, or from the hips or the waist (in the case of women's dress) as now, when we ought to know better.

Next; dress ought to be agreeable to wear; and this includes something more than warmth and a good fit. It should be light, and subject to as few dangers and inconveniences as possible.

These conditions being observed, it follows of course that the costume will be modest, and that it will be graceful. Grace and beauty are flowers from the root of utility. The worst taste in dress is where things are put on for no purpose or use, as in the earrings, nose-rings, bangles and necklaces of savage (or civilized) wearers, the feathers on the head, and flaunting stripe of gay color, whether of wampum or ribbon, and the fringes and furbelows that one sees—now in Nubia, and now by Lake Huron, and now in New York or London. The best taste is where the genuine uses of dress are not lost sight of, and the gratification of the eye grows out of them; where the garments fit accurately and easily, and the colors are agreeable, and the texture good and handsome, and the ornaments justified by some actual benefit, such as marking outlines, as the Greek borders did, or beautifying the fastenings, or affording a relief to the limits and edges.

These seem to be the main conditions agreed upon as essential to a good mode of dress. It would appear to be a greater sin and absurdity in us than in our ancestors to dress injuriously and offensively, because the observance of these conditions is so much easier to us than to them. It is astonishing to us to discover, by thinking about it, how costly dress was to the gentry of the kingdom in the reigns of our Edwards and Henrys, and even under the last of the Charleses and the Jameses. The proportion of middle and upper class incomes spent in dress must have been something far beyond what prudent people in our day would dream of. We must suppose that garments were made to last very long. With the laboring-classes we know it was so, before the days of cotton, and when linen was only for the great. In the rural cottages and artisans' dwellings throughout the land, men, women and children wore woollen garments, the history of which would not be agreeable to our readers, accustomed as we are in these days to think of clothes as meant to be changed every day and night, and often washed or otherwise cleaned.

The variety, the cheapness, the manageableness of clothes in our day, compared with any former time, ought to render us obedient in an unqualled degree to the main conditions of good dress. Instead of this, we see trains of funerals every year carrying to the grave the victims of folly and ignorance in dress.

How is it with regard to protection from heat, cold, damp, and glare?

The Englishman's dress seems to be, on the whole, as little exceptionable as any that can be pointed out. We are not thinking of our soldiers, dressed in tight woollen garments, stocks and heavy head-gear in all climates and seasons alike. The mortality from that tremendous cruelty and folly is a separate item to be urged against the military authorities. Our civilian Englishmen wear a costume which may be rendered warmer or cooler without losing its characteristics; which indicates the form, may fit it easily, at the wearer's pleasure; leaves the limbs free, and need press injuriously nowhere. Some years ago, we must have denounced the cravat, or stock, as dangerous; but the throat, with its great blood-vessels, and its importance as connecting the whole body with the brain, is now subject to so little pressure that we have only to hope that the relaxation will go on till there is none at all. Twenty years ago, people said you might know a philanthropist in America by his turn-down collar, as an evangelical lady was supposed to be known in England by a poke-bonnet; but the turn-down collars, with a mere black ribbon or light scrap of colored silk, long ago won their way far beyond the rank of the professional friends of mankind. Those who have the sense and courage to wear the natural "comforter," which gives warmth without pressure—the beard—improve their chance for a sound throat, a clear head, and a long life. The hat is now, apparently, the only irrational part of the Englishman's dress and so many strange devices are upon trial as a substitute for it, that we may safely leave it to the wearers to select some head-covering which shall defend the eyes and brain be light and easy to carry, and admit air freely.

A new danger, however, has arisen with the invention of waterproof clothing. My readers may have found themselves tortured, or have seen some friend in agony, with an unaccountable toothache or face-ache, coming on at the counting-house or office, day after day, and may have traced it to wearing goloshes, which people wear now as if they were meant to serve instead of shoes, whereas they are fit only for passing from place to place in wet weather. Take off the goloshes or (which is nearly the same thing) the patent-leather shoes of the children in a school or a family, and you will find their stockings all damp.—Keep on your waterproof cloak at a lecture, and you will find everything you wear moist and steaming before you go out into the air again. This wear of impervious clothing, otherwise than in walking in the rain, is the cause of much ailment in these early times of the use of gutta-percha. Men who wear perviousclothing at all times, except when in the rain, have really little to do in the way of dress reform.

It is much otherwise with women. Their clothing does not protect them from cold, heat, damp, or glare. Some few uncover the chest and arms under trying circumstances of heat and draught; but they are few: and they must have heard all that can be said to them in the way of warning. The great body of English women—those of the middle and lower classes—have usually some sort of covering from the throat to the hands and feet, but it is too seldom judicious in degree or quality. The modern linsey petticoats are excellent as far as they go; but it is certain that the working-women of our country are too thoroughly weaned from the woollen clothing of their ancestors. At present, too, no woman who adopts the fashion of the hoop in any form is properly guarded against the climate. Any medical man in good practice can tell of the spread of rheumatism since women ceased to wear their clothing about their limbs, and stuck it off with frames and hoops, admitting damp and draught, with as little rationality as if they tried to make an umbrella serve the purpose of a bonnet.

Then, observe the head and the feet. The eyes are unsheltered from sun and wind, and the most important region of the head is exposed by the bonnets which Englishwomen are so weak as to wear in imitation of the French. Again, the doctors have their painful tale to tell of neuralgic pains in the face and head, which abound beyond all prior experience, of complaints in the eyes, and all the consequences that might be anticipated from the practice of lodging the bonnet on the nape of the neck, and leaving all the fore part of the skull exposed. Why the bonnet is worn at all is the mystery. A veil, white or black, would be considered an absurdity as a substitute for the bonnet in a climate like ours; but it would be actually more serviceable than the handful of flimsy decorations now usurping the place of the useful, cheap, and pretty straw bonnet, which suits all ages in its large variety. There are the hats, to be sure, which young ladies wear so becomingly. They are hardly simple enough in form for a permanence, but they are substantially unexceptionable for youthful wearers. Their advantages unfortunately tempt elderly ladies to put them on; but the class of mistaken wearers of hats is not a very large one, and we may let them pass. In praising the hat, however, I am thinking of the sort that has a brim. The new and brimless invention is nearly as bad as the bonnet for use, while more fantastic. A chimney-pot hat with a tall upright plume may possibly suit a volunteer rifle corps or a regiment of Amazons rehearsing for the opera, but it is not very English in taste.

The fearful spread of throat and chest diseases is ascribed, by those who should know best, mainly to the modern notion of muffling up the throat in furs and other heating substances. Before the boa came in, we heard little of any one of the tribe of throat diseases which we now meet at every turn. Some ladies carry a boa all through the
many tie up their throats with a sc.
chief whenever they go abroad, in a
suffering their retribution in hoarsen.
chitis, sorethroat and other ailments no
dured by those who cultivate more ha.
habits, and reserve such wraps for very special occasions. People who use cold water in some form of bath every day of the year, and who give their faces and throats to the bracing air, under the safeguard of vigorous personal exercise, forget what colds and coughs are.

As for the other point—the feet—it is to be feared that some are still sent to the grave by thin shoes. The danger of gutta-percha and patent-leather shoes has been referred to. The Balmoral boots of the day would be admirable but for the military heels. Those heels throw the foot into an unnatural posture, by which a great strain is produced. If my readers happen to be acquainted with a respectable chiropodist, let them inquire the recent news of bunions—that severest of small maladies. They will learn that there has been an unheard-of increase and aggravation of bunions since the high-heeled boots came in. The danger of falls is also considerable; and those who have a dread of a long tumble down the stairs, had better put on their boots on the ground-floor.

If we consider the female dress of 1859 under any of the remaining conditions, what can we say of it? Does the costume, as a whole, follow the outline of the form? Does it fit accurately and easily? Is the weight made to hang from the shoulders? Are the garments of to-day convenient and agreeable in use? Is the mode modest and graceful? So far from it, that all these conditions are conspicuously violated by those who think they dress well. Here and there we may meet a sensible woman, or a girl who has no money to spend in new clothes, whose appearance is pleasing—in a straw-bonnet that covers the head, in a neat gown which hangs gracefully and easily from the natural waist, and which does not sweep up the dirt; but the spectacle is now rare; for bad taste in the higher classes spreads very rapidly downwards, corrupting the morals as it goes.

The modern dress perverts the form very disagreeably. The evil still begins with the stays, in too many instances, though there is less tight-lacing than formerly. It is a pity that women do not know how little they gain by false pretences in regard to figure and complexion. Our grandmothers would not have worn paint if they had been aware that it is useless after forty to attempt to seem younger—the texture of the skin revealing at a glance the fact which paint and dyed hair cannot conceal; except perhaps in the parks, or across a theatre. In the same way, the round waist produced by tight-lacing is always distinguishable in a moment from the easy oval form of the genuine small waist. Compare the two extremes, and you will see it at once. Compare the figure of the Graces of Raffaelle, or the Venus de Medici, with the smallest and most praised waist in a factory, and observe the difference. Before the glass, the owner of the latter sees the smallness in front, and fancies it beautiful; but it is disgusting to others. It is as stiff as the stem of a tree, and spoils the form and movement more than the armor of ancient knights ever did; and we know what is going on within. The ribs are pressed out of their places, down upon the soft organs within, or overlapping one another; the heart is compressed, so that the circulation is irregular; the stomach and liver are compressed, so that they cannot act properly; and then parts which cannot be squeezed are thrust out of their places, and grave ailments are the consequence. At the very best, the complexion loses more than the figure can be supposed to gain. It is painful to see what is endured by some young women in shops and factories, as elsewhere. They cannot stoop for two minutes over their work without gasping and being blue, or red, or white in the face. They cannot go up-stairs without stopping to take breath every few steps. Their arms are half-numb, and their hands red or chilblained; and they must walk as if they were all-of-a-piece, without the benefit and grace of joints in the spine and limbs. A lady had the curiosity to feel what made a girl whom she knew so like a wooden figure, and found a complete palisade extending round the body. On her remonstrating, the girl pleaded that she had "only six-and-twenty whalebones!"

Any visitor of a range of factories will be sure to find that girls are dropping in fainting-fits, here and there, however pure the air and proper the temperature; and here and there may be seen a vexed and disgusted proprietor, seeking the warehouse-woman, or some matron, to whom he gives a pair of large scissors, with directions to cut open the stays of some silly woman who had fainted. Occasional inquests afford a direct warning of the fatal effects which may follow the practice of tight lacing; but slow and painful disease is much more common; and the register exhibits, not the stays, but the malady created by the stays as the cause of death. That such cases are common, any physician who practices among the working classes will testify.

Do the petticoats of our time serve as anything but a mask to the human form—a perversion of human proportions? A woman on a sofa looks like a child popping up from a haycock. A girl in the dance looks like the Dutch tumbler that was a favorite toy in my infancy. The fit is so the reverse of accurate, as to be like a silly hoax—a masquerade without wit; while, at the same time, it is not an easy fit. The prodigious weight of the modern petticoat, and the difficulty of getting it all into the waistband, creates a necessity for compressing and loading the waist in a way most injurious to health. Under a rational method of dress the waist should suffer neither weight nor pressure—nothing more than the girdle which brings the garment into form and folds. As to the convenience of the hooped skirts, only ask the women themselves, who are always in danger from fire or wind or water, or carriage-wheels or rails or pails or nails, or, in short, everything they encounter. Ask the husbands, fathers, or brothers, and hear how they like being cut with the steel frame when they enter a gate with a lady, or being driven into a corner of a pew at church, or to the outside of the coach, for want of room.

children—how many have been pathways, or foot-bridges, or steamers by the pitiless crinoline, or hoops a unconscious walking balloon! More ...ren have been killed, however, by the ...xtension of the absurd petticoat fashion to them. For many months past, it has been a rare thing to see a child under the tunic age duly clothed. The petticoats are merely for show; and the actual clothing, from the waist downwards, is nothing more than thin cotton drawers and socks, leaving a bare space between. For older boys there is a great improvement in dress—the tunic and loose trowsers being preferable in every way to the stiff mannish tailed coat and tight trowsers of half a century ago. But the younger children are at present scarcely clothed at all, below the arms; and the blue legs of childhood are a painful sight, whether in a beggar boy or a citizen's son. Even in such a climate as Sierra Leone there is something forlorn in thinking of the lady's maid in a great house wearing (and possessing) nothing more in the way of clothing than a muslin gown and a blue bead necklace (on an ebony throat, of course), but in winters like ours to see children's legs covered with nothing better than thin cotton (thin, because the ornamentation is the vanity), is in fact reading the sentence of death of many victims. Let it be remembered, too, that the neuralgic, rheumatic and heart diseases thus brought on are of a hereditary character. The wearer of crinoline and invisible bonnets, in incurring such diseases herself, renders her future children liable to them; and the children now bitten by the wintry winds, if they live to be parents, may see their offspring suffer from the ignorance and vanity of their own mothers. It is universally observed that certain diseases are becoming more common every year—neuralgia and heart disease, as well as the throat ailments of which we hear so much. It would be a great benefit if we could learn how much of the form and the increase of maladies is ascribable to our modes of dress.

What is to be done? Will anything ever be done? or is feminine wilfulness and slavishness to fashion to kill off hundreds and thousands of the race, as at present? * * * * What hinders a simple obedience to commonsense in the matter? It is only for the women of those classes who really have business in life to refuse to encumber themselves with tight, or heavy, or long, or unserviceable dress, and to adhere to any mode which suits them; and then, whatever the idle and fanciful may choose to do, the useless mortality will be mainly stopped, and the general health prevented from sinking lower. It may be confidently avowed that in this way only can women win back some of the respect which they have forfeited by the culpable absurdity of their dress within the last few seasons. From the duchess to the maid-servant, the slaves of French taste have lost position; and it will require a permanent establishment of some leading points of the sense and morality of dress to restore their full dignity to the matronage and maidenhood of England.

A FINE TASTE.

I never saw Stephen (a famous London waiter) in any way disconcerted but once. It was by one of his oldest and most regular customers; the doctor, as he is generally called. This gentleman, possessing as he does an extraordinarily fine taste, is fond of showing his gift; and one day he addressed Stephen in this astonishing manner:—

"Stephen, I don't know whether you are aware of it, but the liver you gave me with the cod, was not the liver of that fish."

"Wasn't it good, sir!"

"Perfectly. I have no complaint to make; only I always prefer to have the liver that belongs to the fish. That's all."

"I think you have had it to-day, sir!"

"I know I have not! It was delicious cod; I can't tell when I have eaten any finer. And the liver, too, was excellent. Both were in equally prime condition. But I have to say that they never belonged to each other in a state of vital existence. You may fancy they did. I am satisfied they did not. I've nothing more to say on the subject, Stephen."

"But, I beg pardon, sir; it was cod's liver, wasn't it?"

"Undoubtedly it was *a* cod's liver; but not *the* cod's liver. There, man; I'm right for a thousand pounds. I know what I eat, and I don't make rash assertions."

And so Stephen retired, with one more instance to add to the tales he may have heard of marvellously keen palates. There is the story of the Roman epicure, who could distinguish the flavor of a trout that had been caught under a bridge. There is the other story of the other Roman epicure, who preferred the mushrooms which had sprung from the hoof-print of a mule, and could always tell the difference between these and mushrooms produced by the agency of a horse's tread. Was the doctor's feat of tasting less than these?

Stephen was not satisfied. He went below to make inquiries; and the expression of his face when he came back was grave, not to say awe-stricken.

"You were quite right, sir," he said; "they sent us no liver with that cod, and we had to get some from the market."

The display of supernatural gustativeness on the part of the doctor troubled Stephen's mind for a long time; for I heard him allude to it afterwards. Perhaps he does not, to this day, suspect any trick, though trick there must certainly have been. The fact, as I do not doubt, is, that the doctor was guided by some other physiological knowledge than that of the *Physiologie du Gout*. He happens to be one of the first anatomists of the day; and his quick eye detected a discrepancy of size or configuration, by which he was enabled to pronounce a judgment seemingly based on the nice perception of unassorted flavor.

☞ Though a good life may not silence calumny, it will disarm it.

☞ Dobbs, on being questioned by the Court as to whether he had ever been extensively engaged in the hotel business, answered that he rather thought he had, as he once "boarded a frigate and two sloops of war."

HOW AN ADVERTISEMENT GOT A WIFE.

"Tobacco is the tomb of love," writes a modern novelist of high standing; but, with every respect for his authority, I beg to say it was quite the contrary in my case.

Twenty-one years ago, I was sitting by my fireside, totting up innumerable pages of my bachelor's housekeeping-book, taking exercise in arithmetic on long columns of "petty cash"—comprising items for carrots and Bath bricks, metal tacks and mutton chops—and, tired and wearied, I arrived at the sum total, and jerked the book on the mantelpiece. Nearly at the same time I placed my hand in the pocket of my dressing-gown, drew out a leathern case, and lit a principe. Well, having lit a principe, I placed my feet on the fender and sighed, exhausted by my long job of domestic accounts. I was then in business—'twas small wholesale business then, 'tis a large one now—yet one morning's totting of carrots at Bath bricks, of metal tacks and mutton chops would tire me a thousand times more than twenty-four hours of honest ledger-work. Sighed, not from love, but from labor; for, to tell you the truth, I had never been in love. This to go on forever? thought I, as I took a third whiff, and looked dreamily through a thin smoke as it ascended between me and large print of the capture of Gibraltar which hung over the chimney-piece. Am I to spend my prime in totting up parsnips, and counting carrots, and comptrolling washing-bills? I sighed again, and in the act, off flew a button of my neck-band, as though some superior power had seasonably sent the accident to remind me of my helplessness.

The button settled the business; though, as it slipped down inside my shirt, and passed with its mother-o'-pearl coldness over my heart, it for a moment threatened to kill my matrimonial resolution. I pitied my own lonely state, and pity, we know, is akin to love.—But how was the matter to be accomplished? Most men at my age would already be adjusted their inclination to some object; that having made up their mind and count the cost, little more would have remained to be done than to decide upon the day, and lay hold upon the license. This, however, was not the case with me. I had been too much occupied, too idle, or too indolent to devote the time or make the effort to "form attachment." It was through no disinclination or difficulty to be pleased; for had any young lady of moderately agreeable powers taken the trouble, she might have married me long ere then. I should even have been grateful to her for taking the trouble off my hands; but was too bashful to adopt the initiative.

I was a bashful man. This weakness came from the same cause as my Uncle Toby's—namely, a want of acquaintance with female society, which want arose from another cause in my case—namely, too close an application to business.

Accordingly, I thought of an advertisement; yet with no practical design of doing business, but, as I persuaded myself, for a joke. So I scratched with a pencil on the back of a letter, the following:

WANTED A WIFE.—None but principals need apply. The advertiser does not require cash, but only a companion. He is six-and-forty, and, tired of single, he thinks he can settle down to married, life. As men go, he believes he has a moderate share of temper, and want of time is his only reason for having recourse to the newspapers. He has enough means for himself and second party, and is willing to treat at once. He is quite aware that a great many attempts to conceal his honest intentions into an extravagant joke will be made, but he warns all rash intruders. If he finds a man hardy enough to make sport of his affairs, he will thrash him—if a woman, he will forgive her. He has a heart for the sincere, a horsewhip for the impertinent. In either case, all applications will be promptly attended to, if addressed to P. P., at the office of this paper.

I felt proud of my composition, and laughed away my principe with a vague glee and anticipation of something coming out of it. I had no very great idea that anything but fun would result; and I certainly had not the slightest notion of involving myself in a personal collision with any one. Still, the presentiment that it was not destined to be all a barren joke, pressed upon me. On Saturday the advertisement appeared, and I heard its style canvassed by all my friends, and it was jokingly suggested by more than one, that I was the domestically destitute individual who put it forth.

On Monday morning I sent a boy to the newspaper office for P. P.'s letters. I expected he might be followed by some curious and inquisitive persons; so I told him on his way back to call at a bachelor neighbor's of mine, for a book. The trick told. The lad was followed by some persons who never lost sight of him until they ran him to my friend's, and then they went back and announced that he was the advertiser. I thus discharged in full one or two practical jokes which my neighbor had played upon me. The answers were of the usual character—several seeking to exit my name, and still more suggesting place of meeting, where I was to exhibit myself with a flower in my button-hole and a white handkerchief in my hand. One only looked like business. It was from a lady who proposed an interview in a neighboring city, about fifty miles north. She said there was something so frank and straightforward in my advertisement, that she was convinced it was real, and she could rely upon my keeping her name secret, if after we met nothing came of the meeting. She would, therefore, see me at the ——, at ——, on a certain day, and if mutual approbation did not follow the interview, why there was no harm done.

Most people would have put down this as a trap to give me a journey for nothing. I did not. A presentiment impelled me to accept and keep the engagement.

This was in the old coaching days, when a man had time to make an acquaintance in forty miles, not as now, when you are at your journey's end before you have looked round your company in a railway carriage. There were but two inside—myself and a pleasant, talkative, honest-faced elderly gentleman. Shy and timid in female society, I was yet esteemed animated and agreeable enough among my own sex. We had no trouble, therefore, in making ourselves agreeable to one another; so much so, that as the coach approached G——, and the old gentleman learned that I meant to stop there that night, he asked me to waive ceremony and have a cup of tea with him, after I had dined at my hotel. My "fair engagement" was not till next day, and, as I liked the old gentleman, I accepted his offer.

After my pint of sherry, I brushed my hair and went in search of my coach companion and my promised cup of tea. I had no difficulty in finding him out, for he was a man of substance and some importance in the place. I was shown into the drawing-room. My old friend received me heartily, and introduced me to his wife and five daughters. "All spinsters, sir," said he, "young ladies whom an undiscriminating world seems disposed to leave upon my hands."

"If we don't sell, papa," said the eldest, who, with her sisters, seemed to reflect her father's fun, "it is not for want of puffing, for all your introductions are advertisements."

At the mention of this last word, I felt a little discomposed, and almost regretted my engagement for the next day, when that very night, perhaps, my providential opportunity had arrived.

I need not trouble my readers with all our sayings and doings during tea; suffice it to say, that I found them a very pleasant, friendly family, and was surprised to find I forgot all my shyness and timidity, encouraged by their good-tempered ease and conversation.—They did not inquire whether I was married or single, for where there were five young unmated daughters, the question might seem invidious. I, however, in the freedom of the moment, volunteered the information of my bachelorhood; I thought I had no sooner communicated the fact, than the girls passed round a glance of arch intelligence from one to the other. I cannot tell you how odd I felt at the moment. My sensations were between pleasure and confusion, as a suspicion crossed my mind, and helped, I felt, to color my cheek. Presently, however, the eldest, with an assumed indifference, which cost her an effort, asked where I was staying.

"At the —— Hotel," I answered with some embarrassment.

It was with difficulty they restrained a laugh; they bit their lips, and I had no longer a suspicion—I was certain. So, after having some music, when I rose to depart I mustered courage, as I bid them good-bye, to say aside to the eldest:

"Shall P. P. consider this *the* interview?"

A blush of conscious guilt, I should rather say innocence, told me I had sent my random arrow to the right quarter; so I *pressed* the matter no further at that moment, but I did her hand.

I remained in at my hotel next day, until an hour after the appointed time, but no one made their appearance. "Then," thought I, brushing my hair and adjusting my cravat, "since the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain;" so I walked across to my old friends. The young ladies were all in. The eldest was engaged with some embroidery at the window. I had therefore an opportunity, as I leaned over the frame, to whisper:

"S. S. is not punctual."

The crimson in her face and neck was now so deep, that a skeptic himself would no longer doubt. I need say no more; that evening in her father's garden, she confessed that she and her sisters had conspired to bring me up to G—— on a fool's errand, never meaning, of course, to keep the engagement.

"Then," said I, "since you designed to take me in, you must consent to make me happy!"

"And what did she say, papa?" asks my second daughter, who is now looking over my shoulder as I write.

"Why, you little goose, she promised to be your mamma, and she has kept her word."

M. R. J.

NEWS ITEMS.

Senator Seward is taking a rapid tour through Belgium and Holland. He will return to Paris, and sail in the Arago on the 13th. For a week he was the guest of the Emperor and Empress, at Compiegne, a compliment which very naturally made a sensation not only in American but in French circles.

The Rev. Dr. Cahill, the distinguished Catholic clergyman, who recently arrived in this country from Ireland, has declined an offer of $50,000 for the delivery of his lectures in various cities in the South.

The widow of Balzac is married to Gigoux, the painter and *expert* of the Louvre. The condition of the marriage is singular enough. The lady is to retain the name of Balzac, even in signing legal documents, and to be called in her domestic circle by no other name than that of her first husband, from whose glory she will not depart.—*Court Journal.*

The Lien reports a curious sentence which has been passed at Unterwalden, Switzerland. One Melchoir Risi, accused of disturbing the public order, has been condemned to a month's imprisonment, and to a regular attendance for two years at the morning and afternoon religious services!

Burial of John Brown.—The remains of John Brown were finally interred on Thursday, at North Elba, New York. After the face was exposed to view some time in front of his late residence, the coffin was borne by six neighbors to the foot of a rock, where he had directed it to be buried, and then deposited it in the earth. Before leaving the house his favorite hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet—blow," &c., was sung, and a prayer offered by the Rev. Mr. Young, of Burlington, Vt. Remarks were made by J. M. McKim, of Philadelphia, and Wendell Phillips, of Boston. It was deeply touching to see at the grave the three widows—of Brown and his two sons—leaning on the arms of strangers, and relieving their broken hearts by sobs.

The value of gold plate and leaf used in the United States for the replacing and repair of defective teeth is $2,250,000.

Marriage of Cousins.—Governor Magoffin, of Kentucky, recommends the Legislature of that State to prohibit, by law, under severe penalties, the marriage of cousins. He says that the imbeciles, insane, deaf mutes and blind, in the different asylums of that State who are the offspring of cousins, is from sixteen to twenty per cent. of the whole number; and he claims that it is the right and duty of the State to protect herself against the evil and expense by forbidding such unions, which nature plainly forbids by the natural penalty she uniformly inflicts.

LETTER FROM TEXAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Galveston, Nov. 18th, 1859.

Dear Post:—We reached this port on the 11th inst., with the remarkably short passage of 12 days from the Capes of the Delaware. The pilot, who took us in, rather damped our ardor by telling us of the ravages of the yellow fever, and that it had not yet entirely subsided; however, on reaching an anchorage, two of us started for the post office hungry enough for news from home to brave fears of the pestilence, and well were we rewarded. We learned that the epidemic was declining, only a few cases remaining, and the next day a norther came on and effectually killed any further spread. These northers are institutions peculiar to this latitude about the Gulf of Mexico. They blow at various intervals of from a week to a month between the 1st of November and the 1st of May. They take their name from the general direction from which they blow. The air in the morning was unusually oppressive, about 85 degrees; towards ten o'clock a heavy black cloud in the North-West, and a haziness around the horizon warned us to look out for squalls. Our second anchor was hardly down before it came upon us, butt end first, as the sailors say, and blowing so that it seemed impossible to stand on deck. A slight spit of rain accompanied it at first, and as the sea rose the spray united with it and made a fine mist, very penetrating. The thermometer within an hour fell to 40 degrees, and during the night a white frost was seen on land. The blow continued with unabated force till late at night, but during the following day gradually lulled to a calm—the cold remained for several days, and indeed up to this time we have not had so warm a day as the one preceding the storm. During the early part of the blow the odor of the air resembled that experienced after a stroke of lightning, it was dry and husky, irritating to the throat and lungs, but, according to some authorities, not at all injurious! "On the contrary many persons with weak or diseased lungs resort to this region and find relief."

To a northern eye, Galveston presents many novelties—its streets are wide, and the principal ones paved with small shells, which when beaten down, become hard, but in the side streets, and in the rural portions, the cart-way is about six inches depth of fine sand. The city is built upon a low, sandy island, which has gradually risen from the sea level, till its highest points may have attained an elevation of 50 feet.

In 1686, the island was called San Luis; again it is heard of in 1816, as Isla de Calabras or Snake Island, from the great number of rattlesnakes found there. In 1817, the celebrated Lafitte occupied it as head-quarters, and remained there until 1820, when, by command of Commodore Patterson, U. S. Navy, he deserted it and burned every building. For some sixteen years it was left without permanent residents until the present city was projected, under the auspices of the Galveston City Company, who continued to improve it year by year until after the Revolution, which added the Lone Star to our Federal galaxy.

This company, with a wisdom often found lacking in the plans of other founders, was extremely liberal in its donations for public and benevolent purposes. "Laying out the city with wide streets, it left every tenth block in one of the central ranges of blocks for a public square; it gave three separate sites for public markets; it set apart an entire block for a college; three eligible and valuable lots for a female seminary; and an area of several blocks for a park; and gave to every denomination of Christians, large, convenient, and valuable sites for their churches. It also, at an early day, gave lots to the first settlers for only building upon them, and granted wharf privileges for the sole consideration of constructing them. So that a man by merely building a wharf, acquired a property securing a fortune in the future to himself and family." The greatest objection we find here is the want of water—rain being the only dependance; and in case of fire, the houses nearly all being of wood, could hardly escape a general conflagration. Each building has an ample cistern either above or below the surface, but the fire tongue would soon lick up their contents. In general the health of the city is very good, fanned as it is by the sea breeze. So far the yellow fever has never originated here, but has been imported—this year from Houston and Havana. The population, estimated at 8,000, is rapidly increasing, mostly with the German race, thus establishing an industrious and steady reputation for the city. Many new stores, that would do credit to an older place, are being erected with iron fronts from a Philadelphia firm—while dwellings are in great demand.

Labor in the busy season commands sometimes as high as $3 per day—averaging at least $2 the year round. With churches Galveston is well supplied, having eight or ten of the various denominations, among which the Roman Catholic and Episcopal are the most imposing. Our wanderings about town were limited by a natural desire to avoid any danger that might arise from the lingerings of the fever, but we saw enough to create wonder that Philadelphia is not better known here. Galveston commands a large back country, rapidly filling up, and is the only large seaport town of the State. Its imports for the quarter ending September 1st, 1859, show over $200,000—almost entirely from New York and Boston. There are no manufactories here except two iron foundries; and for years yet to come the citizens must depend upon the North for supplies. Cotton is the principal export; shipments were made last year to the amount of 118,328 bales, valued at over six millions of dollars. Sugar and molasses in their season, are shipped from these wharves, brought down in lighters from the countless bayous that skirt the coast. Texas is beginning to grow her own corn and wheat, and ere long can supply her population from her own fertile bosom with all the necessities of life, while in the interior the even, mild temperature of her climate, and the many other inducements to emigrants, will rapidly fill her borders with a teeming population.

RUSSELL.

☞ Armors or Earthquakes.—One touch of nature makes the whole world kick.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The father of the child Mortara has arrived at Paris, and is prepared to make a determined demand upon the Congress of the Great Powers for the restoration of his child.

Gen. Garibaldi, in his proclamation announcing his retirement from the army of Central Italy, complains of underhand machinations against him. He says he will resume his services the moment Victor Emmanuel calls to arms. He recommends the Italians to rally around the King of Sardinia.

Napoleon has consented to Buoncompagni's becoming the Regent of Italy.

It is stated that it is the intention of the English government to limit the intended Reform Bill to a mere extension of franchise, and that the question of disfranchisement and mode of taking votes are either to be deferred or made separate measures.

Among the passengers by the Persia are Col. Preston and family, (Minister to Madrid,) Baron Rothschild, and the remaining portion of the late Minister Mason's family.

Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador to France, has arrived in London, and it was reported that his mission was to lay before the English government a proposal from the French government for a simultaneous disarmament by England and France. Another report is that he was summoned to receive final instructions from the British Cabinet respecting the Congress.

A Cabinet council has been held in London, and Lord Cowley had had an audience of the Queen at Windsor.

The Morning Post characterises the recent Brussels telegram respecting a simultaneous disarmament by France and England as being absurd on the face. Disarmament is the very last thing France could ask—the very last thing England could accede to. Our armaments are not at all based upon any French preparations; if we adopt measures of a defensive nature they are undertaken as against all comers and against all combinations of powers. We do not vary in accordance with the varying strength of our neighbors.

The English government had decided upon making a considerable increase in the army by the formation of a second battalion to each of the regiments up to and including the 35th, by which means an increase equivalent to eleven regiments will be obtained.

Her Majesty's ship Wrangler returned to Woolwich yesterday, from an experimental cruise to try the forty pound and eight pound Armstrong gun at sea; a most complete course of experiments was carried out. Sixty rounds of ammunition with the elongated bullet were fired with perfect success, and every experiment pertaining to the gun was pronounced faultless.

The French government was forming large depots of coal, to provide against the inconveniences that might result in any future war from coal being declared contraband of war.

☞ An Irish Exculpation.—"And it is upon the oaths of thim two witnesses yer honour's going to condimn me?" said Pat to the Judge about to pass sentence upon him. "Certainly," said the Judge, "their testimony was ample to convince the jury of your guilt." "Och, murther!" exclaimed Pat, "to condimn me on the oath of two spalpeens, who swear they saw me take the goods, when I can bring a hundred who will swear they didn't see me do it."

☞ How the Muses Make a Cigar.—When the Muses stand side by side, they may be said to make a "long nine."

☞ It is related of the Andaman Islanders that they have such a horror of hirsute appendages that they shave off *every* hair on their heads. A poor devil of a deserter having fallen into their hands, they shaved his head with a *piece of bottle glass*, but otherwise treated him well. Savage *barber*-ism, indeed!

☞ It has been discovered that bread can be manufactured out of wood. Long before this discovery was made, all wood was known to have grain in it.

☞ Nature has given women two painful but heavenly gifts, which distinguish them, and often raise them above human nature—compassion and enthusiasm.—*Lamartine.*

☞ It is doing some service to humanity to amuse innocently; and they know very little of society, who think we can bear to be always employed either in duties or meditations without any relaxation.

☞ A minister of West Anstruther applied to Sir Robert Anstruther, who was an extensive heritor in that parish, to assist in putting a stove in the church, which, he said, the congregation found very cold. "Cauld, sir! cauld!" Sir Robert exclaimed; "then warm them with your doctrine, sir. John Knox never asked for a stove in his kirk."—*Sketch of Bishop Low.*

☞ In England, the law of the road is, that horses and carriages should respectively keep the left side of the road, and consequently, in meeting, should pass each other on the whip hand.

☞ A vessel recently arrived at New York, the captain of which reported having fallen in with an unknown ship, on the 7th inst., burned to the water's edge, and closes his report as follows: "The only living thing to be seen on board was a cat in the fore rigging; *could not ascertain her name.*"

☞ It was a wise observation of Alcide Tousez: "It is good indeed to be a wit; one may say so many foolish things!"

☞ It is well known that the philosopher Thales believed water to be the first principle. Query: Was Thales a milkman?

☞ Anger is one of the sinews of the soul; he that wants it hath a maimed mind.—*Fuller.*

☞ An Irish newscarrier (says The Builder) who sometimes courts the Muses, has given his idea of the church-building taste of the people of America in the following lines, which contain more truth than poetry:

"They puts up a front to the street,
Like ould Westminster Abbey;
But thin they thinks to chate the Lord,
And builds the back part shabby."

☞ Can't obey by 'em.—"By Jove, French women were fair enough before; but now, ever since this abominable Crinoline came in, they are not even *passable!*"—*Punch's Flaneur.*

☞ He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.—*Lord Herbert.*

Hasty Criticism.—A friend of mine told me he once overheard two fashionable-looking girls just come from some great school say to one another, on seeing a boat approach the ship, at Calcutta, containing two yellow-looking ordinary people, "Who are those old quizzes? What an antediluvian couple!" When, to their horror and dismay, the despised couple claimed the gay young ladies as their own children.—*A Lady's Escape from Gwalior.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

Philadelphia Union Meeting.—A very large meeting to uphold the Union and Constitution was held in this city on the 7th inst.—Hon. J. R. Ingersoll presided, assisted by a large number of the most prominent citizens. The following gentlemen were selected as the Committee on Resolutions: Hon. Wm. B. Reed, Hon. Edw. King, Hon. J. Randall, John Welsh, Chas. Macallister, Benj. Gerhard, Esq., Hon. Geo. Sharswood, Peter McCall, Esq., Stacy B. Barcroft, John C. Bullitt, Esq., Wm. C. Ludwig, Richard C. Dale, Eli K. Price. The following resolutions were reported and unanimously adopted:

1. Resolved, That the longer the Government of the Union exists, with its manifold and inestimable blessings, the more is it consecrated by the affection and devotion of those who, as we do, "know no North, no South, no East, no West, but one common country," whose integrity the Constitution alone secures, and whose varying interests the Union harmonizes and protects.

2. Resolved, That, in the judgment of the citizens of Philadelphia, this sentiment of fidelity to the Union would be fruitless, did it not imply an obligation, implicitly and practically to recognise every duty which the Constitution prescribes, and obey and carry honestly into execution, all the laws of Congress, enacted under the Constitution.

3. Resolved, That no part of the Constitution of the United States, or of the laws of Congress, are more obligatory on the citizens of the Republic, than those which prescribe the duty of restoring, under judicial process, fugitives from labor, and that all attempts or combinations, to defeat or frustrate those provisions, and all State legislation to the same end, are condemned by the judgment of this community.

4. Resolved, That, in view of what has recently occurred in the Commonwealth of Virginia, the citizens of Philadelphia disavow, as they have always done, any right or wish to interfere with the domestic institutions of their sister States.

5. Resolved, That they reprobate, in the strongest and clearest terms, all attempts, whether by invasion, secret instigation, or the promulgation in any form, of fanatical opinions, to excite servile insurrection, or to arouse those who are lawfully held in servitude to violence and bloodshed.

6. Resolved, That, looking merely to the past, they deliberately express their approval of the recent administration of justice in the Commonwealth of Virginia, by which, according to the forms of law, strictly observed, the commission of a great crime has been judicially proved, and the punishment awarded by law to that crime has been inflicted.

7. Resolved, That it is a simple matter of duty, to express the sense which the citizens of Philadelphia have of the energy and fidelity with which the Executive authorities of Virginia have discharged, from first to last, the painful and responsible duty which the emergency imposed.

8. Resolved, That the Executive of Pennsylvania, in promptly surrendering, on the requisition of the Governor of Virginia, those fugitives from justice who sought refuge within our borders, discharged his duty to the Constitution, and for doing so merits and has received our hearty approval.

9. Resolved, That the prompt suppression, in the first instance, of the Harper's Ferry outbreak, is now, and it is hoped will always be, regarded as a most marked illustration of the value of the Union, and the efficiency of its Executive authorities in furnishing, on the spot, and at a moment's notice, the military means to suppress a local and dangerous revolt, and relinquishing to the State authorities the vindication of the violated law.

10. Resolved, That earnestly assuring our brethren of the South that there exists among the people of Pennsylvania a determined spirit to assert and maintain the Constitution of the Union, and the rights of the States under it, we ask, in return, confidence, and that dignified moderation which confidence and patriotic sympathy inspire.

11. Resolved, That these resolutions, embodying the sense of a vast majority of the citizens of Philadelphia, without distinction of party, signed by the officers of the meeting, be published in all the newspapers of Philadelphia and Washington.

New York.—The New York city election resulted in the choice of Fernando Wood by the following vote:

Wood's vote,	30,125
Havemeyer's vote,	26,843
Opdyke's vote,	21,773
Wood over Havemeyer,	3,282
Havemeyer over Opdyke,	5,070

Charleston Convention.—The National Democratic Committee appointed by the Cincinnati Convention, met in Washington, and fixed upon the 23d of April as the day for holding the Convention at Charleston. The day, by a singular coincidence, is the birth-day of both President Buchanan and of Senator Douglas.

South Carolina Legislature.—The House has ordered the military contingent fund to be increased this year, to $100,000 to purchase additional arms and ammunition. It is also proposed to appropriate $50,000 to erect two armories in Charleston. The following resolution is pending:—

Resolved, That the general manifestations of feeling and sentiment at the North make it dishonorable and dishonoring in South Carolina and other slaveholding States to continue united with a people whose moral tone characterizes them as a nation of pirates, savages, assassins and traitors.

Kansas.—The entire Republican State ticket has been elected by a majority of over 3,000 votes. Every county yet heard from, except Leavenworth, gives a Republican majority.

Georgia Democratic Convention.—Hon. Howell Cobb for the Presidency.—Milledgeville, Ga., Dec. 10.—The Democratic State Convention, now in session here, has adopted a resolution recommending the claims of Hon. Howell Cobb for the Presidency. A number of the members of the Convention have withdrawn, urging that the Convention is irregular and unauthorized.

Crinoline.—Speaking again of crinoline, the latest news is this: The Empress Eugenie improved the occasion of the sojourn at Compeigne to make a demonstration against the widely-extended skirts, for the re-introduction of which into the fashionable world she is responsible. Among the regulations of the hunting season at Compeigne is one that no hoops or crinolines shall be worn, and the ladies who participate in the sports of the chase are to appear in simple stuff dresses. It is generally understood in the world of fashion, and among the dressmakers, that this is intended as a death-blow to crinoline, and that upon the return of the Court to Paris, these wide-spread abominations will have been discarded forever, or until some future Empress of France, or fashion, shall take it into her head to resuscitate them.

No Speaker Yet.—The third ballot in the House for Speaker was as follows:

Sherman, (Repub.)	116	Gilmer, (S. Amer.)	20
Bocock, (Dem.)	88	Scattering,	13

Whole number of votes 231; necessary to a choice 116.

Considerable discussion took place last week about a book called the "Impending Crisis," written by a North Carolinian named Helper, who had to leave that State on account of his anti-slavery principles.

☞ Madame de Maintenon, in the full tide of all her most unexpected prosperity and splendor, made this remark: "In every life, without exception, there is a fearful void!"

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST—"the oldest and best of the Weeklies"—have the pleasure to announce to the reading public, that they have made an EXCLUSIVE engagement with an Author whose powerful Stories have of late attracted great attention; and that they will open the year 1860 with a novelet, *written expressly for* THE POST, called

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

By the AUTHOR of "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," the "HESTER HALLIWELL" Stories, "THE SIX GRAY POWDERS," "THE DIAMOND BRACELET," &c., &c.

In this story, written expressly for THE POST, this powerful writer's genius has had full scope afforded it; and we are able to state—having read it in manuscript, for it is already in hand—that it will make a sensation, unless we are greatly mistaken, as one of the most powerful and interesting stories ever published.

To enable those unacquainted with THE POST to judge of the richness and variety of its general contents, we may state that during the past year we have published novelets, stories, poems, essays, &c., from the pens of the following gifted writers:—

G. P. R. JAMES.	MARY HOWITT.
CHARLES DICKENS.	AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."
ALFRED TENNYSON.	AUTHOR OF "FARM OF FOUR ACRES."
CHARLES READE.	GRACE GREENWOOD.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.	MISS PARDOE.
CHARLES MACKAY.	FLORENCE PERCY.
WILKIE COLLINS.	AMELIA B. EDWARDS
DR. O. W. HOLMES.	EMMA ALICE BROWN
T. S. ARTHUR.	AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET."
AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT," &c.	MRS. M. A. DENISON.
ALEXANDER DUMAS.	FANNY M. RAYMOND.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.	NORA PERRY.
OWEN MEREDITH.	IRA CRAIG.
P. J. BAILEY, (Author of "Festus.")	MISS MARTINEAU.
LIEUT. HABERSHAM.	

The writings of the above and other distinguished authors make up, in a great degree, the yearly contents of THE POST—many of the above list writing expressly for our columns, and the choicest contributions of the others being obtained as soon as possible from the English and other Periodicals in which they appear. In this way we are enabled to make up a sheet, unsurpassed, as we think, for the VARIETY and BRILLIANCY of its contents.

THE POST does not confine itself, however, to works of the imagination, as so many Weeklies now do. It generally devotes a fair portion of its ample space to the NEWS of the WEEK, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC, to LETTERS FROM PARIS, to an AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, to BANK NOTE and STOCK LISTS, and to a WEEKLY and ACCURATE PRICE CURRENT of the PRODUCE MARKETS, &c., &c.

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HAMILTON'S TWO VIEWS of NIAGARA FALLS—a couple of handsome and large-sized *Steel* Engravings—the retail price of which is FIVE DOLLARS—we are enabled to Club with THE POST on the following remarkably liberal terms.

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30 " (and one copy extra, and both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	30.00 "

A BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM.

A large and beautiful Engraving on steel, 17 by 22 inches, called "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," will be sent to every subscriber to "THE POST" for 1860, who shall send, in addition to his subscription, the sum of twenty-five cents, to pay the expense of postage, mailing, &c., &c. The retail price of this engraving is FOUR DOLLARS. It is a Gem!

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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

YOUNG HAVELOCK.—A London correspondent thus describes the son of General Havelock:

Young Havelock is not more than twenty-two years old. He is slender, rather tall, quiet exceedingly in his aspect, with nothing whatever of bravado or personal vanity in his bearing. There was not a glance that betrayed the lurking ambition that would say, "I am the man who rode in upon a whole battery of guns, in India, through a storm of shot, and for that not received the Victoria Cross." His face is almost feminine, his features small, his neck slender, his hair and slight moustache black and glossy. *Combativeness* is not seen. Yet there is a look *full* of courage—quiet and impassable as *appeared* his father, who yet, when occasion demanded, would spring into the saddle at the summons of peril, and ride without one moment's hesitation, with fearless, calm, unshrinking courage, into the very thickest of the conflict. It is the true type of old English courage, and to its force is added the fear of God.

THE grandson of Tecumseh is now living in Natchez, Mississippi. He is a well-educated and accomplished gentleman, having travelled over a greater part of Europe. He is a physician, and is said by the Free Trader to be an excellent one. In his pharmacopœia is a set of medical herbs, the secret of whose curative powers he derived from his grandmother, who was a great "medicine" woman.

NEWS ITEMS.

MILITARY SCHOOL IN MISSOURI.—A bill has been introduced into the Missouri Legislature to establish a State Military Institute, to be located at Jefferson City, for the purpose of instructing two hundred cadets, from fourteen to twenty-two years of age, these to be constituted a public guard of buildings, arms, munitions of war and other property.

IN England, lately, a coal digger residing at Hettonle-hole, an earnest student of astronomy, and greatly in want of a good telescope, made a direct application to the Queen for an instrument. His hopes were not disappointed, and after the lapse of a short time a very beautifully finished brass instrument was received by the petitioner.

GERRIT SMITH NEARLY WELL.—Gerrit Smith's wife, by the consent of her husband's physician, visited him at Utica on Tuesday last. So nearly restored to mental and bodily health is this gentleman that his family look to a reunion of all its members at Peterboro, on Christmas day.

IRON PAPER, of which seven hundred leaves were included in one inch in thickness, was exhibited at the Great Exhibition.

THE Victoria Gazette of the 10th ult., says that the U. S. troops, with the exception of Captain Pickett's company, had been withdrawn from San Juan, by the order of Gen. Scott.

SENTENCE OF THE HARPER'S FERRY PRISONERS APPROVED.—The Virginia Legislature has unanimously passed resolutions approving of the sentence of Cook, and the other prisoners at Charlestown, and refuses to interfere.

THE INVASION OF MEXICO.—Parson Brownlow, of the Knoxville Whig, writes from New York as follows, concerning the contemplated invasion of Mexico by the K. G. C.'s:—

"General Bickly, of Baltimore, spent some time in my room last evening. His expedition to Mexico now numbers *nineteen thousand men*, and he is provided with ample means. One thousand men are in Tennessee, and these will move first and move without delay. I predict that the General will capture all Mexico before spring, and that he will have control of Vera Cruz in ninety days."

THE Muscatine Journal learns that the mother of Edwin and Barclay Coppie, who resides in Springdale, Cedar county, Iowa, has received a letter from the latter, who is now in Canada, stating that he and eleven of his companions have arrived safely in her Britannic Majesty's dominions. Four of them were wounded—one of them so severely that his comrades were obliged to carry him most of the time for the first four days of their flight. Barclay Coppie is one of the number for whose arrest Governor Wise offered a reward of $500 each.

AN ARTFUL DODGER.—A German, riding in a wagon, near Franklin, Conn., a few days ago, was asked for a ride, by a boy. The man consented, and the youngster asked him to smell a very fine perfume, which he had in a bottle. The German smelt the chloroform, and became insensible, and when he revived, found the young scamp had stolen his watch, $15 in cash, and a buffalo-robe.

YOUNG New York is beginning to imitate Young England in its wedding toggery. At a marriage ceremony performed a day or two ago, in Fifth avenue, the fashionable youths were mostly got up with frock coats, gray breeches, and illustrated vests.

HON. Joseph Holt, Postmaster General of the United States, has recently decided a question as interesting as it is novel. A husband, who had been separated from his wife, demanded that his village postmaster should deliver *her* letters to *him*, and threatened a suit at law if his demand was not complied with. The wife, on the other hand, forbade the delivery of her letters to the husband. In these circumstances, the postmaster appealed to Mr. Holt for instructions. That gentleman pronounces the claim advanced by the husband too preposterous to be seriously refuted—indeed, he says it is abhorrent to law as it is to the Christian civilization of the age.

THE Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British army, has just issued an order which is virtually an abolition of the punishment of flogging heretofore much practiced in the service. The soldiers on entering the service are to be classified in two classes, in the first of which they will not be liable to corporal punishment except for aggravated mutinous conduct in time of war. They will continue in the first-class, unless they commit certain crimes, for which they will be degraded to the second class, in which they may be subjected to corporal punishment. Uninterrupted good conduct for a year, will transfer a soldier for the second time to the first-class. The plan is ingenious and seems likely to accomplish its purpose and put an end to flogging, except for aggravated offences committed by incorrigible men.

EGGS.—Most of the eggs that are shipped from New York city to Charleston, S. C., are brought from Canada. With the exception of about forty miles of railroad, from Lake Champlain to the Hudson river, they come by water and are not much shaken.

THE Portland Argus reports that Rev. Dr. Chickering and Rev. Mr. Moore, of that city, exchanged pulpits on Sabbath morning last. When the latter was about half through with his discourse, at the High Street Church, he suddenly stopped, and remarked that the sermon had cost him a great deal of labor; but as it seemed not to interest the audience, and as many of them were asleep, he would proceed with it no longer. He then closed the service with a prayer and benediction.

JOHN BROWN did not leave any final statement or address to the public. Mrs. Brown, says the Independent, says that her husband made no allusion to such a document as having been written, or to any purpose of writing such a document. She thinks his final letter to his family justifying his enterprise and motives was all the record he cared to leave.

FROM TUNIS—THE CULTIVATION OF COTTON.—A letter recently received from Tunis, by a gentleman of this city, says that the attempt to raise cotton in that country has again resulted in a *failure*, both in the hands of private planters and those of the English-Arab company engaged in the experiment. This is the *second* consecutive failure. Cause mainly owing to the want of organised and readily controllable labor.

THE largest nugget of amalgamated gold ever produced has recently been discovered in Australia, and is a favorable augury for quartz crushing. It was the result of a portion of sixty tons of the first quartz rock crushed from the Corin Reef. Its weight is 1,040 ounces.

DEATH OF MRS. FERNANDO WOOD.—Mrs. Anna D. Wood, wife of the Mayor elect, died at her residence, in Bloomingdale, at 6 o'clock on the 10th inst. Mrs. Wood gave birth to a daughter on Saturday last, and it is probable that her interest in her husband's success in the election was unfavorable to her recovery. The deceased was about 36 years of age, and highly respected by her acquaintance as a kind hearted and accomplished lady. She was the daughter of the late Judge Richardson, of Auburn, New York. She leaves 6 children, 3 sons and 3 daughters.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

WHERE'S BARNUM.—There is a man in Hartford who has never heard of John Brown! The Advertiser, of that city, says:

A friend informs us that he was in conversation with a gentleman at his place of business, on the all-absorbing topic of the day, when a man wearing "store clothes" standing by interrupted them with, "Did you say there had been an execution lately?" "Yes, sir, yesterday." "Where did it occur?" "In Charlestown." "Who was it?" "A man named John Brown—hung for an insurrectionary attempt to free the negroes at the South." "Indeed!" said the well-dressed gentleman, "is it possible? I have not seen any account of it!"

A PATENT PLOUGH AND MUNIFICENT GIFT.—The Rev. James Peeler, of Tallahassee, Florida, has invented a plough of which he has sold the patent right in twelve States, realizing therefor $251,000. He has given away of this sum $200,000 for church purposes.

THEODORE SEDGWICK, a distinguished lawyer of New York city, and U. S. District Attorney for the southern district of New York, died in Stockbridge, Mass., on Thursday week.

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been very little activity noticeable in the market this week, sales only reaching some 7000 bbls, part taken for shipment, at $5,25@5,50 for mixed and good straight superfine; some good scraped flour at $5,- 800 bbls city mills family at $6,35, and 200 bbls Lewistown premium do. at $6,50 ℔ bbl, the market closing with more sellers than buyers, and dull at these rates. For home use there has been a moderate business doing at from $5,25 to $5,75 for superfine and extras, $5,87½@6,25 for family flour, and $6,50@7 ℔ bbl for fancy lots, as in quality. Rye Flour comes in slowly, and small sales have been made at $4,37½, which is an advance. Of Corn Meal the receipts are also light, but Pennsylvania meal sells slowly at $3,75 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat, and prices under a moderate demand for milling are 2@3c ℔ bus lower than last week, sales reaching about 28,000 bus in lots at from 128 to 133c for common to good and choice reds, mostly at 131@132c, in store and afloat, and 137@146c for white, as in quality. The bulk of the sales were of the former description, closing at 132c for prime lots. Rye continues in fair request, and all offered, some 5500 bus Pennsylvania brought 93c. Corn remains about stationary, with further sales of 28,000 bus, mostly new Southern yellow at 70@73c for damp, and 77@80c for dry lots, in the cars and afloat, including 3000 bus old, which is very scarce, at 92@93c. Oats have been in fair demand, and some 15,000 bus sold at 41@43c for Southern, and 44@45c for Pennsylvania, as in quality. Of Barley, sales are reported at 80@85c; 20,000 bus Barley Malt sold to go out of the market at 95c. Of Buckwheat, some small sales have been made at 55@57c ℔ bus.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks of all kinds are light, but the high rates paid for the Hog product at the West has given an upward tendency to the market, and holders of Pork are asking $17@17½ for mess. Dressed Hogs are worth $6@7 ℔ 100 lbs. Beef is dull at $15 ℔ bbl for city mess. Of beef rounds sales are reported at $15,50@15,75 ℔ bbl, and some Western mess at $10,50@10,75. Bacon is quoted at 10½ for Sides, 8½ for Shoulders, and 12@12½c for City Smoked Hams. Green Meats are scarce, with small sales of Hams in pickle at 10½c ℔ lb, short time. Lard is steady at 11@ 11½c for bbls, and tcs, and 11½@12c for kegs. Butter moves off slowly at 10@12c for packed, and 16 @17c for roll. Cheese is unchanged, and ranges at 10½@11½c ℔ lb. Eggs are selling at 20c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The market has been dull and unsettled during the past week, and prices close ½@½c lower. There has been more doing, however, at the decline, and about 850 bales have been disposed of, in lots, at from 11 to 12½c for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time, mostly at 11@12c for the former description, cash.

BARK—There is not much demand for Quercitron, but some 50 hhds 1st No 1 have been disposed of, on arrival, at $27 ℔ ton, at which rate the market is steady. Tanners' Bark is dull, with sales of Chestnut at about previous quoted rates.

BEESWAX—There is no change in prices, and a small business doing at 34@35c ℔ lb.

COAL—The receipts have fallen off and there is very little doing for shipment, and but few orders coming in; prices, however, show no alteration, and the market is very inactive.

COFFEE—The receipts and stocks are light, and the market firm, but the demand has been limited, and only some 800 bags Rio found buyers, part to go West, at 11½@12c, on time; 530 bags St. Domingo, badly damaged, sold at auction at 2½@ 3c, cash.

COPPER is dull, and for Sheathing the demand is limited at quotations. Yellow metal is selling as wanted at 20c ℔ lb, 6 mos.

FEATHERS move off slowly at 47@48c ℔ lb for good Western.

FRUIT—We note further sales of Green Apples at $2½@4, and Cranberries at $12@15 ℔ bbl, as in quality. Dried Apples are selling at 6@6½c, and Peaches at 7@10c, for unpared, and 11@15c ℔ lb for pared.

HEMP—The demand is limited, and the market at a stand still, the stock being mostly all out of first hands.

HIDES continue dull and neglected, there have been no further arrivals to note, and the sales are confined to small lots taken by the country tanners, who buy sparingly at the present asking rates.

HOPS move off slowly at 13@17c ℔ lb for Eastern and Western; old Hops are very dull, and quoted at 5@6c ℔ lb.

IRON—Holders generally are firm in their views, but the market, as is usually the case at this season, is very inactive, and the sales of Pig Metal confined to some 500 tons, mostly Anthracite, in small lots, at $23@23½ for No 1, $22@22½ for No 2, and $21 for No 3, on time. A sale of 600 tons forge was made, to go West, on terms kept private. Nothing doing in Blooms or Boiler Plates worthy of notice. Scotch Pig is also quiet, and quotations about the same. In Bars and Rails there is very little movement, and prices are steady.

LEAD—The market is steady, with but little offering, and we hear of no sales this week.

LEATHER continues dull, and a small business only to note, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers.

LUMBER—The business season is pretty much over, and there is very little doing to alter quotations. A sale of 60,000 feet Yellow Sap Boards was made at $14½ ℔ M. No Laths arriving.

MOLASSES—The market has been very quiet this week, and the sales only in a small way at 28 @30c for Cuba Muscovado, and 23@25 for clayed, on time. New Orleans is offered to arrive, but at a price above the views of buyers.

PLASTER is dull, there is little on none offering or selling, and soft is quoted at $3 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—The market at the close is quiet, but there has been a fair demand for Clover seed during the week, and 1500 bus sold, in lots, at $5@5,25 for good and prime parcels from store, and $4,50@ 4,75 from wagons, including some choice seed from second hands, at $5,50 ℔ bus. Of Timothy the sales have been limited, and we quote it at $2,40@ 2,50 ℔ bus. Domestic Flaxseed is in steady request, and selling at $1,55@1,56 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in foreign, and Brandies continue firm and on the advance. N E Rum is steady at 35@36c. Whiskey has been in better demand, at improved prices, the market closing with an upward tendency—Pennsylvania bbls selling to some extent at 26@26½c, now held higher; Ohio do 27@27½c; Drudge 24½c, and hhds at 25½c.

SUGARS—The market has been very inactive, but holders are firm in their views, and the stock on sale unusually light. The sales include about 200 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 7@7¾c, 250 boxes do, in lots, at 7¼@8½c, as in quality, and 200 bbls crushed at 10½c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW continues dull, and a small business doing in city at 10½@11c, and country at 10c ℔ lb.

TOBACCO—The market is unchanged, and a small business doing in both leaf and manufactured at about previous rates.

WOOL—The market for both fleece and pulled has been firm, and the transactions are only in small lots, mostly of the fine grades, at fully former rates.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 168—Adults 83, and children 85.

THE RUSH AT OAKFORD'S,

For his superior Furs still continues, and no wonder—they are so good and cheap. We advise all our lady readers to go there and buy their Furs; they have the largest and best stock in the city. Remember, OAKFORD'S,
No 624 Chestnut street, below Seventh.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2100 head. Prices were firm at 8 to 9½c for prime quality, 7 to 8c for ordinary, 6 to 7c for common and 3 to 4c for inferior or stock cattle. A few head of extra fine sold as high as 10c. Sheep—4000 head arrived, and sold at from 3 to 8½c ℔ lb, dressed.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 5500 head were at market, and sold at $6 to 7¼ ℔ 100 lbs net, according to quality.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

By Friends' Ceremony, at their meeting-house on Sixth street, on Third-day, 6th instant, J. CLARKSON GRIFFITH, to MARY R. daughter of the late Geo. Dilks, both of this city.

On Wednesday morning, the 7th instant, at St. John's P. E. Church, by the Rev. J. N. Stansbury, Mr. WILLIAM H. WILCOX, to Miss CLARA, daughter of C. J. Wolbert, both of this city.

At St. Stephen's Church, on Wednesday, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. Edward Shippen Watson, CHARLES SERGEANT, to ELIZABETH JULIANA, daughter of Wm. J. Watson.

On Thursday evening, Dec. 1, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, Mr. JAMES H. MAGEE, to Miss CYNTHIA A. daughter of Saml. Jarden, Esq. both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Wm. T. Bunker, the Rev. GEORGE W. SMITH, of this city, to ANNIE M. youngest daughter of Wm Gardener, of Darby, Del. county.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. M. A. Day, at the Parsonage in the Rising Sun, Mr. G. KRUSEN FINNEY, to Miss HANNAH A. MATTHAEI, both of Bucks county, Pa. Bucks county papers copy.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, CATHARINE, wife of Shubert Iseminger, in her 43d year.

On Sunday evening, the 4th instant, BENJAMIN T. CURTIS, merchant, of this city, aged 64 years.

On the evening of the 4th instant, JOSEPH R. MORRIS, Esq. in his 35th year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. ANNA CATHARINE HENTZ, relict of John Hentz, aged 88 years.

On Tuesday, Nov. 1, at Florence, Italy, in his 36th year, WILLIAM HENRY BECK, of this city, son of the late Wm. C. Beck, and a grandson of Paul Beck, deceased.

On Friday morning, 2d instant, EMILY, daughter of the late Hugh F. Hollingshead.

Suddenly, on the 4th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH HAGUE, in her 69th year. Cincinnati papers please copy.

Suddenly, on the 2d instant, Mr. JACOB RINK, in his 49th year.

On the 4th instant, ALICE ISABELLA AMET, wife of Chas. P. Amet, in her 43d year.

On the 28th ultimo, ELIZABETH BOYD, in her 24th year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
U S 6's, '81			Pennsylvania RR		
" " '62	106	—	1st mort bonds	100	102½
" " '67	106	—	2nd "	97	97½
" " '68	106	—	stock	57	57½
" 5 " coupon '74	102½	—	Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
" " new	101½	102	" stock	122½	123½
" 5 "	94	—	Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	78	80
Phila 6 pr ct, old	97	98	mort 6's '44	—	90
" " new	101½	102	" '66	70½	71
" 5 "	94	—	stock	29½	30½
Phila 6 pr ct,	70	—	Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	97	97½
" " coupon	—	55	stock	38	39
All'ny City 6 pr ct	65	75	Phil, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
County	—	—	6 pr ct loan, '60	92½	—
R R issue	44	50	Ches Val R R, '73	38½	—
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—	Tioga R R '75	—	68
" "	99½	99¾	Wil'mn & Elmira 1st mort	47	60
Tenn 6 "	91½	92	2nd "	9	10
" 6 " coupon	80	82	stock	½	1
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½	Catawissa	1	1½
Missouri "	69½	—	Beaver Meadow stock	62	62½
Ohio " 1860	103½	—	preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98	98½	North Penn'a R R stock	84	84
Virginia "	97½	—	6 pr ct loan	62	62½
Ind State 5 pr ct	82	—	Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	49	49½
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	91	6 pr ct loan	97	102½
N Y City, 6's	1 4	116	Minehill R R	56½	—
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.			Har & Lan R R stock	—	60½
North America	136	137½	bonds '83	90	—
Philadelphia	115½	116	L. Schuylkill R R stock	14	16
Far & Mec	—	55½	Long Island R R stock	11½	11½
Commercial	—	44½	bonds	83	85
N Liberty	38	39½	Erie R R stock	—	—
Mechanics	25½	26	Hudson River R R	—	—
Southwark	62	—	N Y Central	—	90½
N Township	34	35½	Michigan Central	47½	48½
Kensington	54	—	Illinois "	57	—
Girard	46	46½	Michigan Southern	17½	—
Western	60	61	CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Man & Mec	28	—	Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '32	71	71½
Commerce	—	70	imp. 6 pr ct	77½	78
Tradesman's	42½	—	stock	6	8
City	41	—	preferred	15½	16
Consolidation	—	34	Lehigh Nav stock	49½	49½
Commonwealth	—	24½	mort 6 pr ct	99	—
Corn Exchange	20½	—	scrip	23½	26
Germantown	—	58	Morris Consol'd	50½	51½
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	50	—	preferred	109½	109½
Exchange "	50	—	Cons & Del bonds	40	—
Kentucky, Ky	119	—	Union	1	—
Northern "	122	—	bonds	—	38
Louisville "	115	118	Sus & Tidewater	2	3
Farmers "	114	125	bonds, 1878	27	29
Union, Nash, Tenn	102½	103			
Planters "	110	112			
N O Gas Light	100	—			
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½			
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—			
Lehigh Zinc	7	11			
New Creek	—	—			
New Granada	—	1			
N America Ins'co	14½	—			
N Liberties Gas	31	—			
Southwark and Frankford R R	37	38			
Bonds	88	90			

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Dec. 17, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
DELAWARE		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
MARYLAND.		LOUISIANA.	
Baltimore	¼ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	OHIO.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	½ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	KENTUCKY.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		State bank	½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
VERMONT.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	WISCONSIN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	TEXAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	CANADA.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ to 1 dis		
GEORGIA.			
Solv bks	1 dis		

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Commencement of a New Volume.

With thnumber for JANUARY, 1860, the ATLANTI MONTHLY will enter upon its

FFTH VOLUME.

In maki this announcement the Publishers think it prer to say, simply, that no change will be made in e general plan of the Magazine; that all the write whose contributions have established it in the pular favor, will continue to make it their medio of communication with the public; and that threlations of the publishers with authors on both sid the Atlantic, will enable them to add materially t the variety, interest, and value of its pages.

They haygreat pleasure in announcing that the number forJanuary will contain the first chapters of a

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WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES IN SIX WEEKS.—Yes, my ONGUENT will force them to grow on the smoothest face in that one, without stain or injury to the skin. Price 1; sent by mail, postage free, anywhere. R.G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., N. Y City.

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OF THE

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| *For Wigs, Inches.*

nor.

IEM.

Long live the Queen!
May her example spread,
Broad skirts be narrowed,
Long trains be shortened;
Long live the Queen!

Oh, storm of scorn arise,
Scatter French fooleries,
And make them pall!
Confound those hoops and things,
Frustrate those horrid springs,
And India-rubber rings.
Deuce take them all!

May dresses flaunting wide,
Fine figures cease to hide;
Let feet be seen;
Girls to good taste return,
Paris flash modes unlearn,
No more catch fire and burn.
Thanks to the Queen!

—*London Punch.*

CONJUGIAL HOOKS-AND-EYES.—Mr. Pic, I married Simcox eight years ago; at which time my gowns were fastened by eight hooks and eyes. Now, sir, you will readily conceive that no woman can completely hook-and-eye herself. Whilst a spinster, she obtains the aid of her sister, cousin, mother, or Betty the maid. When she becomes a married woman, the hook-and-eye duty naturally devolves upon the husband.

For the first year of my marriage, Simcox, like an affectionate husband, hooked-and-eyed the whole eight; the second year, he somewhat peevishly restricted his attentions to seven; the third, to six; the fourth, to five; the fifth, to four; and so on decreasing until this morning—the anniversary of our eighth wedding-day—when you would have supposed him possessed by the dearest and fondest recollections, he dropped another hook-and-eye, intimating to me, that for the term of his natural life he should restrict himself to one—the hook-and-eye at the top!

As I know, Mr. Pic, you have a crowd of female readers, I thought it a duty I owed to my sex to warn them, through the medium of your columns, of the craftiness, and—I must say it—the selfishness of man. They will, I hope, take warning by my condition, and, ere they enter matrimony, stipulate for a due performance of the toilette attention on the part of their husbands. Whilst in our pride we women remember that marriage has its bonds, let not the men forget that it has also its *Hooks-and-eyes*. Yours, AMELIA SIMCOX.

—*N. Y. Picayune.*

UNHAPPY SPINSTERS:—The ugliest and most mischievous miss we ever knew was Miss-Government. Her sister, Miss-Management, is no beauty. Miss-Demeanor surpasses them both; and, while she is uglier and haughtier than either of her sisters, she is still constantly getting "courted." While we have no particular liking for Miss-Government, Miss-Management, or Miss-Demeanor, we have a decided disliking for Miss-Fortune. She is ever sticking her nose in where it is not wanted. Among those unfortunate misses may be placed Miss-Take, who is generally compelled to bear the blame for the acts of Miss-Government, Miss-Management, Miss-Fortune, and sometimes Miss-Demeanor. As for us, we can endorse and even tolerate any of the above-named misses as well, or better, than Miss-Ann-Thropy. Of her we have a perfect abhorrence. There is a whole family of misses whose company had better be avoided; for instance, Miss-Chief, Miss-Lead, Miss-Judge, Miss-Quote, Miss-Represent, Miss-Rule, Miss-Trust, &c.

HUMBLE SPIRITUAL NOTIONS.—Maria Saunders, I particularly remember, had formed a singularly low estimate of heavenly things. She was crippled and wasted away, and the mortal tenement seemed scarcely to hold together. So one day I said,

"Never mind, Maria, all will be changed; there will be no pains or sorrows; and we shall have a new body, even a heavenly body."

"Ah! sir," she said, "I am very glad to hear you say so. I do want a new body very bad;—yes, and I want a *new inside*, too."

Indeed, the sublunary notions of the poor are often very striking. A friend related to me that once when he had rather mystified an old sailor with the texts he quoted in answer to his inquiry as to what Heaven would be like, and what kind of happiness to hope for, the old man exclaimed,

"Yes, sir, all very good, as your honor says; no doubt of it; but says I, old England for me."—*Twenty Years in the Church, by the Rev. J. Pycroft, B. A.*

SELF EVIDENTLY DEEDS.—Old Judge ——, who resides not very far about here, is known as one who never pays a debt if it can be avoided. Has plenty of money, however, and is a jolly, rollicking old chap. Gets pretty drunk occasionally, when, of course, some friends take care of him. Not long ago he fell into the hands of a man who held his note for a sum of money, and as it was a last chance, the friend dived into the old Judge's wallet, took out the amount, and put the note where the money had been. When the Judge awoke to consciousness, as was his wont, he took out his wallet to count how much money he was out. Finding his purse almost empty, he thundered:

"How did I spend all my money?"

"You paid off that note I held," answered the friend.

"Well," muttered the Judge, quietly stowing away his wallet, "I must have been *very* drunk!"

SENSATION SERMON.—What shall we say of a Welsh divine at Shrewsbury who, in preaching a funeral sermon for the late Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, took for his text the following fragments of Scripture: "There was a man sent from God whose name was *John*. * * And I saw the *Angel* fly in the midst of heaven, &c. * * *James*, the servant of God, &c." The sermon is said to have been "excellent."—*Oswestry Advertiser.*

Agricultural

IS FARMING PROFITABE?

I have just read in the New England Farmer of November 12, the article signed "T. J. Pinkham, Chelmsford," on the profit of farming, or rather on the *losses* of farming. I am surprised that any one living in the counties of Middlesex and Worcester, Massachusetts, or Hillsborough, New Hampshire, should write such an article, when the farmers of those counties are the most wealthy of any part of the population.

There are 40 to 50 farmers in the town of Hollis, N. H., worth from $3,000 to $12,000, or more, and I have known most of them from the time they took possession of their farms, either by purchase or from their fathers. I think at least two-thirds of them either owed, or had to pay out to heirs or support the old folks, to at least two-thirds of the value of their farms at the time they took possession of them.

In almost every case where a young man has bought a farm, and has been temperate and industrious, and had tolerable health, he has made money. Nor have these farmers been miserly or mean, either with themselves, their families or the public. They have most of them good, comfortable dwelling well painted inside and out, for their family good barns for their stock, and sheds, &c., for wood, carriages, grain, &c., most of which they have either built or repaired since they came into possession. They educate their childs, and spend money for proper purposes as freely as any other class of citizens. If farming such poor business, how have these men supported their families, paid their debts, repaired their houses and barns, or built new ones, & lent money, taken stocks, &c.? Could they do it by raising corn at a loss of $10 each acre, or calves at a loss of $16 on each calf?

Let us look at his estimate below the cost of raising an acre of corn, viz.:

ONE ACRE OF CORN.		Dr.
May 10,	Two men, two yoke oxen and plow one day,	$4,25
" 15,	One man, four oxen and cart one d hauling manure,	3,25
" 15,	Ten loads manure,	10,00
" 16,	One man one day, yoke oxen a harrow half day, spreading manu and harrowing	1,75
" 17,	Man, horse and boy ½ day furrowin	75
" 18,	Man and boy one day planting, $1,5 seed 25,	1,75
" 19,	To putting up line, &c.,	25
June 6,	Two men, horse and plough cultiv ting and hoeing	2,50
" 6,	To replanting and ashing,	2,00
" 25,	To hoeing and cultivating,	2,50
July 10,	To pulling weeds,	50
Sept. 10,	To two men cutting stalks and stoo ing do.,	2,00
" 25,	To carting stalks to barn, &c.,	50
Oct. 12,	To harvesting,	2,00
" 13,	To husking and taking care of butt	2,00
" 13,	To interest on land, capital an taxes,	3,00
" 13,	To fencing and rents of barn and corn house,	3,00
Dec. 15,	To shelling and marketing corn,	5,00
		7,00
ACRE OF CORN.		Cr.
Dec. 15,	By 30 bushels shelled corn sold,	9,00
" 15,	By 5 bushels ears soft corn sold	1,00
" 15,	By stover and pumpkins,	,00
		4,00
	Net loss on crop,	3,00

Now, our land (upland) must be broke up, whether we raise corn or lay down immediately to grass.

Not over one-third of the cost of breaking up should be charged to the first crop. The manure, if spread, not over one-fourth should be charged to the corn.

Few replant or ash, and as to pulling weeds, you had better let them alone than pull them in a dry time. A boy will cut the stalks for half the price, and your men will husk it in an evening, if good corn. Shelling the corn is much too high. I have had 50 bushels threshed out in a day by one man several times. Now let us see:

One-eighth of the cost of first ploughing to the first crop,	$12
One-fourth of the manure and hauling,	11
Harrowing, &c.,	5
Furrowing, planting, seed and line,	25
First and second hoeing,	50
Cutting stalks and transplanting,	50
Husking corn,	50
Interest, &c.,	50
Thrashing out corn,	1
	$22

All this help has been called $1 per day. Help hired by the month, for 8 months, do not average over 58 cents per day, and the help, besides doing the work set down in the above list, is expected to get up in the morning, make the fires, feed the hogs, milk the cows, feed what stock may be at the barn, and cut wood, or work in the garden the rest of the time till breakfast, and milk and do the other chores at night—well nigh enough to pay the board. But call it 75 cents per day—three-quarters of $22,73 is $17,05. Allowing his estimate of $37,00 sold, the cost that should be charged to the corn is 17,05. Profit $19,95.

I consider corn one of the best crops raised; wheat, oats and grass follow it better than they do potatoes.

I asked how our farmers had contrived to pay for their farms, build, paint and blind their houses, have money to let, and stock in corporations? I should answer the question by the above estimate. If "T. J. P." can account for it in any other way, I should like to have him. ED. EMERSON.

Hollis, Nov. 14, 1859.

REMARKS.—Thank you, Mr. Emerson, we have no doubt great good will come out of this discussion. Mr. Emerson's name will be recognized by many readers as that of a frequent correspondent to these columns,—but for the gratification of those who do not know him, we will say that he is quite largely engaged in farming, working with his own hands and directing his affairs in person. No one can justly charge him with being a fancy farmer, or giving undue credence to books.—*N. E. Farmer.*

THE LAST NEW THING IN CLOAKS.

PRETTY MILLINER (*trying it on.*)—"Do you think this would suit the lady, sir?"
[*Tomkins begins to like shopping rather.*]

HORIZONTAL WELLS.

Wells, as opposed to living fountains of earth-drawn water, are generally reported against. Everybody seems to love the enduring, volunteer fountain, whether found in forest or prairie—among rocks, or gurgling forth from the soil. Poets sing of these fountains, and barbarians worship them—Western emigrants shout "Eureka" at their discovery, and there they rest. The world of animate nature slakes its daily thirst with waters self-drawn. Man, and only man, seeks water in the earth.

If fountains are to be chosen, why not, in hilly and mountainous regions, have all our wells fountains, by digging them horizontally into the hill-sides? Mining after coal in Pennsylvania, and gold in California, has clearly illustrated the fact, that wells may be dug into hill-sides or banks or bluffs, as well level or horizontally as down perpendicularly so that every unlucky thing falling into the water becomes a portion of the contents of the well.—Very many of the dairy farm houses in the Empire State may be supplied with water from the hill by means of the artificial fountains we are describing. Also, dry pastures may have such wells, and the water gathered in a trough as naturally as if it had always flowed there.

Much dangerous and severe labor may also be saved in drawing the dirt by windlass from the well. Water so very troublesome in common wells, has not to be bailed in the horizontal, as it takes care of itself. The certainty of discovery or cutting off veins of water is greater with the horizontal well than the perpendicular, if it starts in near the base of a hill or anywhere as much below the surface as a common shaft would be likely to be sunk.

How much labor and cost in bringing springs in logs or pipes from distant fields, and in the end only having secured semi-cold water of not half the value for the dairy it had at its source, might have been saved by a trial of the horizontal well. The California Farmer endorses their efficiency, and urges farmers to construct them wherever practicable. The construction is simple, and hardly need be described. When the location is chosen, let it be so that the course of the well may rise a few inches as it progresses, that the water, instead of running in, may run out. If it should be sandy or gravelly, and the arch incline to fall, plank must be used to support it. The labor can be performed in a wet time, or in winter, as the water runs away from instead of into the work. The dirt is easily removed with a wheelbarrow. The stoning may be with an arch in dimensions sufficient for the entrance of a man, or only a drain or gutter to conduct the water.—*Rural New Yorker.*

TOBACCO.—On every opportunity through December, press forward with the tobacco stripping, in order to have the work of preparation for market off your hands at an early period. A great deal of care is requisite for the proper handling and sorting of the crop, and the most important work for the overseer is the constant supervision of the hands to ensure due care in this respect. The practice of throwing down sticks of tobacco from the joists, instead of careful handling from hand to hand, should by no means be allowed. So the bundles, after tying, instead of being thrown carelessly down, should be carefully laid in just the shape in which you wish to show them when they come finally out of the hogshead for inspection. Attention to these and other such matters are of much value to the crop, and beget a habit of neatness and care very essential to a successful planter.—There is no crop in which difference in value depends so much upon the manager's habits of care and neatness. On closing up a day's work, have all the tobacco stripped, laid neatly away in bulks without pressing, have the sticks put up out of the way, and the stalks stowed in a corner of the house, to be used for manure, and by no means thrown out of the door to be washed first by rains. The stalks from a hundred thousand tobacco hills are worth probably a ton of Peruvian guano, and should be just as carefully preserved.—*Amer. Farmer.*

HOW SHALL WE SAVE FODDER?

The question has been asked more frequently and more earnestly during the present extraordinary scarcity, than for many past years. We hope to answer it in a way that may afford some valuable suggestions.

First—It is important that no fodder be *wasted*. It often happens with many that hay is scattered about feeding-yards, and trodden under foot by animals. It is not, perhaps, wholly lost, for it becomes converted to manure, but at the present time it is a rather prodigal mode of manufacture, and it would be decidedly more economical to pass this material first through the animal. To prevent this waste, suitable racks and boxes should be amply provided, and they will, in a very short time, pay their cost.

Secondly—Use for food all the *straw* that can be spared. If well stacked and preserved, as nearly the whole straw crop has been the present season, it will be eaten freely, especially if a slight sprinkling of brine be added, or if cut short and mixed with meal. "But we want straw for littering our stables!" True—it is important that animals should be comfortably bedded; and it often happens where this is omitted, that more is lost by cold and discomfort, than is gained by feeding the straw. There is, however, a substitute which many farmers may still procure in the form of *forest leaves*. These constitute an admirable material for bedding animals, being softer as well as warmer than straw. During the open weather which frequently prevails in the early part of winter they may be secured in large quantities. Select those places in the woods where the winds have swept masses together, as in hollows or along the side of fences. They may be thrown into a wagon provided with a large box, by means of a two-bushel basket, and many loads drawn in a single day.

Thirdly—Make the most of cornstalks. As commonly fed, more than half their value is wasted. The leaves are stripped off by cattle, and the solid stalks, which constitute the greatest portion, are trodden under foot. Every part should be eaten; and by doing so, one acre's product will go farther than two acres with the common wasteful mode. They must be cut fine by means of horse-power. Hay cutters, which chop in pieces an inch long, will not answer. The fourth of an inch is quite long enough. One farmer of our acquaintance, who kept a four-horse power at his barn, has made a large saving by cutting all his cattle fodder in this way. The machine was set so as to cut very short, and the hardest stalks were reduced to a state like fine chaff; and all was eaten. Two or three hours with the machine would cut enough to last his head of thirty cattle a week. This mode of treating stalks we have found absolutely necessary in feeding the Chinese sugar-cane in winter, when it becomes so hard that cattle cannot grind it. We have found great advantage in preparing it by the use of Hickok's cutter and crusher, which cuts at first half an inch long, and afterwards crushes or grinds the cut material. It would be better if cut shorter. Two-horse power will drive it with great rapidity.

Fourthly—A great saving may be effected by shelter and warmth. Cattle exposed to winds and storms, must either eat large quantities to maintain animal heat alone, or else inevitably waste in flesh. Comfortable sheds, (if only temporary,) well littered, and warm stables will save tons of fodder in a winter on every large farm, and hundreds of dollars in such a season for high prices as the present one.—*Country Gentleman.*

ABOUT WINTER BARLEY.—In a letter to the Branch County (Mich.) Republican, Mr. Jas. Clisber, a well known and prominent farmer, thus writes of winter barley:—"The barley has been grown in this vicinity for the last three years, and is, consequently, no longer an experiment. With us it has done well in every instance where it has had any chance. The general yield is from twenty to twenty-four bushels to the acre. Judging from what we have seen of the grain, it is capable of yielding eighty bushels per acre. During the past season it has been raised by the side of spring barley, and has produced four bushels to one of the spring variety. Mr. Amos Culver of this place (Quincy,) has raised during the past season, sixty bushels per acre on oat stubble once ploughed, or one hundred and eighty bushels on three acres, and on land that has been cropped for eight years in succession."

We think it has decided advantages over spring barley, viz.:—1st, It may be sown after farmers get through with their hurry in sowing their winter wheat. 2nd, It may be harvested before wheat is ripe. 3rd, It has no black or false heads. 4th, It yields two to one, at least. 5th, The insect will not hurt it in the fall, and it is so early that the weevil will not hurt it.

We are in hopes this barley will prove a substitute for the wheat crop, if we should be obliged to give up the cultivation of that grain in consequence of the insects and weevil, which at present threaten its destruction in Michigan. This variety of barley should be sown some time between the 15th of September and the 1st of November, requiring about two bushels of seed per acre. It will ripen ten days earlier than wheat, and leaves the ground in good condition for that grain.

PARSNIPS AND TURNIPS FOR WINTER USE.—These are frequently placed in cellars without any covering, where, after a few weeks, they become dry and shrivelled, and of little value. They should be always packed with some covering to preserve the moisture. Nearly dry sand will do well, placed in long boxes, so that as the roots are used, beginning at one end, the sand may be shovelled back in gradually passing towards the other end. There is another substance more convenient than sand, where it can be had. This is *damp moss*. It is so light and clean that it forms an admirable covering for all vegetables kept in cellars, which should be moist and fresh, as turnips, parsnips, potatoes, cabbages, beets, &c.

CUTTING GRAFTS.—We advise those who intend to graft plums next spring, and the more tender sorts of the pear, to cut the grafts now. A severe winter, if it does not kill them, lessens their vigor and freshness for starting in the spring. They may be packed with damp moss in a box, and kept in a cool cellar.—*Country Gentleman.*

Useful Receipts.

TO MAKE BUCKWHEAT BREAD OR JOHNNY CAKE.—To one quart buttermilk, add a teaspoonful of soda, and flour enough to make a thin batter—put in an egg if convenient, and bake in quick oven. Try it.—*F. K. Phœnix.*

TO CURE SORE THROAT.—Take the whites of two eggs, and beat them with two spoonfuls of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg, and then add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well, and drink often. Repeat the prescription if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time.

DISH FOR BREAKFAST.—Take half-a-dozen, or as many as may be necessary, nice large fall pippin apples, or other good cooking apples.—After wiping them nicely, cut them in slices about one-fourth of an inch thick: have a pan ready, in which there is a plentiful supply of fresh, sweet lard. The lard must be *hot* before the slices of apples are put in. Drop in the slices just as you would fritters. Let one side of them fry until brown, then turn, and put a small quantity of sugar on the browned side of each slice. By the time the other side is browned, the sugar will be melted, and spread over the whole surface. Serve them up hot, and you will have a dish good enough for anybody.—*Farmer and Gardener.*

PAW-PAW BRANDY.—A bottle of brandy distilled from the paw-paw berry, was sent by the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office to Dr. Jackson, of Boston, for analyzation, who reports that it is very easy to prepare a perfectly pure spirit from it by means of Atwood's patented process, viz.: by the aid of the permanganate of potash and re-distillation. A sample is forwarded which is quite pure spirit, and free from all fusel oil and acids.

A gentleman from Evansville, Ind., writing to the Department, says: "I have no personal interest in this matter, but, feeling as I do that a very valuable liquor, and one which will be universally used in the West and South-West at least, may be made from the paw-paw, millions of bushels of which are annually wasted and go to decay in our river bottoms and along the streams in the interior, I have been willing to give my friend, who is a scientific distiller from Germany, an opportunity of making what he can out of the proceeds of his distillation of the fruit above mentioned."

It produces two gallons of spirit from each bushel of paw-paws, and must, in a few years, be an article of commerce superseding, in my opinion, the Irish and Scotch whiskies for the purposes for which those liquors are now used. —*Wash. Constitution.*

TO STOP BLEEDING.—C. C. Lyon, a dentist of Maspeth, L. I., writes to the Scientific American as follows: "Observing recently a case of death caused by hemorrhage from the extraction of a tooth, the following should be universally known as an infallible remedy:—Make plaster of Paris into the consistence of soft putty, and fill the cavity. It will soon become a solid plug."

TO FASTEN KNIFE HANDLES.—In well made table cutlery, the handles are riveted to the shank of the blade, and will remain fixed with ordinary care. These, though costing more at first, will prove cheapest, and we would purchase no other. When knives or forks have come off the handle from being carelessly put in hot water or otherwise, a cement made as follows, will be useful to re-fasten them: Take of gum shellac two parts, and prepared chalk one part; reduce them to powder, and mix thoroughly. Fill the opening in the handle with the mixture, heat the shank of the knife and press it in. Then keep the handle out of hot water. So says the Chemical Gazette.

AN INDIAN'S COMMENT.—When Gov. Tallmadge came out to Fond du Lac, then a territory, his new home was graced by several grown up daughters. The Indians were "there and thereabouts," at the time, and frequently were met by members of the Governor's family. It was an era in female dress when the bustle was a desired accession of grace and outline, but new to the aborigines. A grave old chief one day was asked what he thought of the Governor's daughters? "Pretty squaws, nice white squaws, pity 'um backs broke."—*Chicago Press.*

The Riddler.

ZOOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 47 letters.

My 16, 8, 10, 11, is an animal of the genus cervis.

My 9, 20, 16, 1, 28, 3, is an amphibious animal much noted for its fur.

My 6, 2, 24, 23, 4, is a small horse or nag.

My 46, 25, 47, 7, is an animal of the genus phoca.

My 40, 37, 14, 40, 6, 3, 36, 37, 38, 12, is a huge animal of great length inhabiting the sea.

My 11, 16, 17, 39, 19, 20, 6, 3, is an animal found in Asia.

My 40, 21, 44, 45, 8, 29, 17, is a dog used in field sports.

My 16, 26, 31, 6, 7, 33, 26, 6, is a genus of animals between the goat and the deer.

My 29, 14, 40, 32, 34, 16, 39, 23, was a very large animal, but is now said to be extinct.

My 42, 44, 29, 21, 8, 3, 10, is a species of large bat.

My 1, 19, 3, 12, 37, 9, 3, 47, 45, is an animal having a spine with joints.

My 44, 45, 1, 14, 11, 13, is a place for keeping birds.

My 27, 14, 29, 20, 7, is a large African quadruped.

My 18, 37, 47, 31, are cattle of the bovine kind.

My 7, 6, 30, 15, is a fierce rapacious quadruped.

My 35, 34, 4, 47, is the young of a certain genus.

My 36, 5, 21, 36, 41, is a domestic animal.

My 4, 30, 14, 16, is a small clumsy animal.

My 33, 38, 27, 37, is a carniverous quadruped of a whitish gray color.

My 34, 31, 32, 10, 17, is an amphibious quadruped living on the banks of rivers.

My whole is the motto of one of the United States.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If you happen near my first,
You can allay your thirst—
If in a thirsty mood.

My second, transposed, is a drink,
Which many people seem to think
Harmless and very good.

My third is a kind of weight—
No need for me to state—
'Tis neither rod nor rood.

My whole, all fearless, bold and brave,
To Gallia's sons a lesson gave,
Not *yet* misunderstood.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first was a man of fame who is said
To have stood near our great confederate head;
But alas, he disgraced that once honored name,
And prostrate he fell at the footstool of shame.

In climes where the lion and tiger abound
My second is always sure to be found.
My whole is a load of grievous weight,
That oft doth oppress the small and the great.

St. Paris. COWDEN.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.

My 1st is in sea, but not in land.
My 2d is in ocean, but not in sand.
My 3d is in hill, but not in vale.
My 4th is in mountain but not in dale,
My 5th is in oak, but not in tree,
My 6th is in lake, but not in sea.
My whole is a place of improvement.

Dubuque. PEOSTA.

AN INTEREST QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A capitalist one day purchased two farms from two land speculators, A and B, one from each of them. Each farm contained the same number of acres, and each was sold for the same price per acre. He gave each his note for the same amount, with interest from date; A requiring 6 per cent., simple interest, and B 6 per cent., compound interest. Now, by calculation, he finds that if he pays A $178,40 at the end of every year, and B 1192,59 at the end of every year, both notes will be cancelled, principal and interest, on the same day. I demand the sum for which each note was given, and the length of time, from the date of the notes, required to cancel them, by making the above yearly payments? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What tree represents a person who persists in incurring debts? Ans.—Willow (will-owe).

☞ What is the difference between the bark of a tree and the bark of a dog? Ans.—One is formed on the bough, and the other of the bow-wow.

☞ Why is a lady's hair like a bee-hive? Ans.—It holds the comb.

☞ Why is an attorney like a minister? Ans.—Because he studies the law and the profits.

CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Some splinters from a beam of light.
Some feathers from a flying report.
A plank from the stage of action.
A leaf from the flower of nobility.
Some water from the fount of knowledge.
Some chips from the board of health.
A ladder that will reach the top of my voice.
Some threads from a sheet of water.
Some dust that was left from a self-made man.

Cloverdale, Ind. C. A. DENNIS.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—George Washington. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—New Orleans. RIDDLE—Grant. CHARADE—Lappet. RIDDLE—Rye. CHARADE—Dayton. RIDDLE—The vowels. MENSURATION QUESTION—85 bushels, 3 pecks, 6 quarts, 1¼ pints. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—2479.91875 acres.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, Nov. 2nd, 1859.

I send you the answer to Artemas Martin's question, published October 1st. The nature of the curve is a double involute of an evolute. Distance horse can travel with tether stretched, 986.9604 feet. Number of acres he can graze over, 1.30262.

Yours, respectfully, W. K. G.